



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

EVERYONE will be interested by our front page picture of Toronto's "Big Ben"—the largest of the three new bells for the City Hall—with its curious and much-discussed inscription. "This bell," the inscription informs us, "is placed in the tower by the Municipal Corporation of the City of Toronto to commemorate the completion of the new City Hall buildings, which were begun in the year 1889 A.D. and finished in the year 1899 A.D. from designs by Edward James Lennox, architect of Toronto." The names of the Mayor and aldermen elected to the City Council for the year 1899 are duly set forth, followed by the words "Victoria Regina et Imperatrix, anno regni LXII," and finally, by way of postscript, we have the Latin sentence, "In laudem gloriamque Dei est consecrata haec campana," which being interpreted means: "To the praise and glory of God is consecrated this bell." It is not known whether the individual who suggested the inscription intended to be funny, but he certainly succeeded, either by chance or design. From the size of the letters accorded to Edward James Lennox and John Shaw, as well as the position of the pious Latin postscript, one may reasonably infer that the writer conceived the importance of one of these gentlemen as being equal to that of the Deity, to whose praise and glory the bell is consecrated. Perhaps, however, he wished to place the halo on the pair jointly, as a sort of Castor and Pollux partnership. And again, it may be that the term was meant to embrace the entire outfit (aldermen, mayor and architect) as a sort of heavenly hierarchy. The piece of canting hypocrisy which declares that the bell is "consecrated to the praise and glory of God" can hardly be explained on other grounds. There could be no worse taste than the dragging in of the Creator's name to crown such a monument of everything selfish and sordid in municipal government as the new City Hall. The inscription, moreover, is misplaced, if not untruthful, for the bell's purpose is wholly secular and not in any sense devotional. Of course everything we do and whatever we use should be for the glory of God, but it certainly is not the custom of even pious people to ostentatiously dedicate their knives and forks, or their door-bells, or their pots and kettles, to divine service. Yet such a dedication in huge letters would be as sincere, defensible, and in as good taste as that inscription on the city bells. Bad and all as it is, however, there is cause for thanks in the fact that the present chief magistrate's name does not appear in the inscription, and that, as the bell is to be in position by New Year's day, its first notes will ring out his brief season of authority and ring in—well, certainly nothing worse.

LORD STRATHCONA has doubtless been at larger banquets and been given many better dinners than he had on Monday night in the Pavilion, but it is safe to say that Toronto has never tendered to any guest a more sincere tribute of respect than the Canadian High Commissioner received at the hands of our Board of Trade. The speeches as a whole were good, while that of Hon. G. W. Ross again proved him to be, in matter and manner, the cleverest speaker in America. Lord Strathcona's reply to the toast of the evening was unostentatious, shrewd, and sincere, though unfortunately his voice did not reach the ears of many of those who were so anxious to hear him. It is to be hoped that the suggestion that a Dominion Board of Trade be established will not pass unheeded. No matter how anxious the various Boards of Trade, representing the business men of the towns and cities of Canada, are to press important questions upon the Government, their efforts nearly always fail for the lack of a general organization. A Dominion Board of Trade having some established connection with the Department of Trade and Commerce would have a direct means of communicating its views, not only to Parliament, but to Cabinet councils. Such an arrangement would not only benefit each Board of Trade as a separate institution, establish a central body which should have great influence, but at the same time transform the Department of Trade and Commerce from one of the least important to one of the most important sections of the Government. Information which now comes to the Department of Trade and Commerce from abroad, and which if promptly forwarded to all the Boards of Trade in Canada would be valuable, becomes useless owing to the delay in transmission to isolated individuals, or Boards, or on account of the supineness of the Boards of Trade themselves. The reports of the commissioners sent abroad to hunt for opportunities of trade, reports of British and United States consuls, and enquiries regarding goods, are not as generally diffused as they should be.

Another of Lord Strathcona's suggestions, that the laws of the provinces should be such that a medical graduate licensed to practice in one province should be accepted in all the others, is a good one. That such is not the case at present proves conclusively enough that provincialism continues to be one of Canada's defects. We can hardly hope that the Empire will recognize graduates of our colleges of law and medicine if the provinces cannot agree to set the example. The older provinces need not fear that the new provinces will be sending us professional men who are more poorly equipped than our own, for that would be making water run up hill. Ontario, with its high standard and superior facilities for training students, can always expect to send graduates not only to the newer provinces, but to foreign countries.

Modestly as Lord Strathcona stated his opinion of the importance of the office he holds, it will surprise those who heard or read his speech to know that such a voluminous correspondence is carried on by his staff in London. Though he intimates that much was done by his predecessors, yet all who have ever visited the offices of Canada's representative in London during the old regime are aware that it was a dull and sleepy place, visitors receiving scant courtesy and vague and indefinite replies to enquiries. Nobody seemed to have anything of importance to attend to, and a visit from either a Canadian or an outsider for some reason was regarded as more or less of an intrusion. No one conversant with the change effected by Lord Strathcona should deny that energetic gentleman a much fuller appreciation of his work than appeared by his speech as due him. This young country will grow old, and may have many great successes in colonization and the growth of the importance of its trade and commerce, but it is very doubtful if it will ever have a more diligent, able, distinguished and conspicuously successful representative than Lord Strathcona.

FROM the "Bluenose," a bright and handsomely printed weekly recently established in Halifax, there is reproduced on the seventh page of this issue what seems to be the most correct and dispassionate forecast of the

result of our general elections that I have seen. It is well worth reading, and though the fact may not add to its weight, I may say that it quite agrees with the forecast which I had already made. Next week we will know the result at home, and also about the Presidential election in the United States. In the meantime McKinley in the States and Laurier in Canada are such strong favorites that the sinful habit of betting on general results is being pretty generally avoided by those who wish that the prospects looked otherwise than they do.

Returning to the subject of our new contemporary in Halifax, I certainly wish the "Bluenose," which, as everybody is perhaps aware, is a nickname for a Nova Scotian, every success. Knowing something, however, about the trials of the weekly newspaper business, I am afraid it is rather too expensive a journal to succeed financially in the somewhat limited field at its disposal. Though it deserves the best of fates, it is to be feared it is what in printers' parlance is called "a nonpareil paper in a long primer town."

REV. MR. CHOWN, president of the Toronto Methodist Conference, preaching at Broadway Tabernacle last Sunday, is reported to have advised his hearers and members of the denomination generally not to vote at all unless they can vote for a candidate who is in favor

This is the largest of the three great bells for the City Hall Tower. It weighs 7 tons, is 7 feet high and 6 feet across the mouth. Its companions weigh 3 and 2 tons respectively. The only larger bell in Canada is "Le Gros Bourdon," (the big bumblebee), in Notre Dame church, Montreal, which weighs over 12½ tons—said to be the largest bell in America. The three



TORONTO'S "BIG BEN."

of prohibition. This advice does not seem to me good, and I think there are a great many who will disagree with the statement which he made in conclusion, "There is no middle course." Aside from the question of prohibition—and I doubt if Methodists are a unit as to the advisability of trying to make people good by statute—it is doubtful if a citizen should abandon his right to use his franchise simply because no candidate is at hand who suits him in every particular. If all religious people were to act on this plan, none of them would vote, and the election of our rulers would be left to those who care nothing for either sobriety, morality or good government. The reverend gentleman seems to have made another mistake by selecting as his subject, "Methodists in politics." Is it not possible that the citizen is wrong in carrying his Methodism, or his Presbyterianism, or his Roman Catholicism, or any other religious "ism," into a political contest? Admittedly the good of the soul as well as the body should be considered in everything we do, but there are so many differences in names and beliefs that it might be wiser to import nothing into our political contests likely to divert the electorate from the main object of obtaining good government. If we have good, clean constitutional government, all religious denominations must have complete liberty to prosecute their work—unaided, of course, by force or financial assistance—for the redemption of mankind. This is presumed to be the main object of religion, and as it certainly cannot be accomplished by making laws to force people to be good, all classes and creeds should unite in obtaining primarily a proper government to conserve and protect the moral and spiritual structure, whose builder and maker will never be found in Parliament.

REV. MR. MORRIS, in Parliament street Methodist church, last Sunday preached a sermon which will strike the average person as being much more practical than that of Rev. Mr. Chown. The preacher held that there is no Christian country in the world to-day and that the Church is culpably ignorant of the extremes of poverty and crime with which it is surrounded. Indeed, the preacher thought that the Church was partially responsible

for the terrible conditions that exist, an instance of which he gave—that of women working at shirt-making at the rate of thirty-five cents per dozen. Truly enough, if the Church does not interest itself in giving people a chance to make a living in this world, it can hardly expect to be influential in guiding the masses along such a path as will lead them to happiness in the world to come. How can anyone evade Mr. Morris's indictment of the Church's laxity which is causing, as he pointed out, thousands of socialists in this so-called Christian country to curse it for its indifference? Particularly good was the preacher's appeal to his hearers to live lives of self-sacrifice, and individually to do all that lay in their power to remove the social and moral evils which are so obvious to everybody, but which mistaken leaders are almost entirely leaving to be cured by legislation and organization rather than by individual effort.

AUSTRALIA is already awakening to the fact that in trade matters some preference must be shown to Great Britain. Australian ships having lost, and United States ships obtained, a considerable share of the carrying trade of the Pacific, an agitation has been begun in the new commonwealth to make a preferential rate for goods carried under the British flag. This is not

Toronto bells will strike the hour, half and quarter hours, and form part of the largest clock on this continent. The clock at Westminster has a dial 22 ft. 6 in. in diameter, 180 feet from the ground. The Toronto City Hall clock will have a 20-foot dial 200 feet from the ground. The bells were cast by Gillett & Johnston, Croydon, Eng.

"World" is one of the newspapers which thinks the imitation "Globe" a capital joke. How would Mr. W. F. Maclean enjoy a similar joke if an almost exact imitation of the "World" were published and scattered broadcast containing a number of scurrilous articles which would damn him if read by the electors of East York, where he is a candidate? I do not think, under those circumstances, that he would see where the laugh came in.

READ of becoming wearisome to listeners or readers is never absent from the mind of a speaker or writer who has attained even a small place in public favor. No one who has felt it can withhold sympathy from those who are evidently becoming back numbers, yet continue struggling vigorously to maintain their popularity. We see the old preacher, the old teacher, the old author, and the old editor being sidetracked every week in favor of younger and more interesting men. At the present season, however, the most striking examples of the heathen habit—still more or less in vogue in civilized communities—of leaving the old and worn-out people to die by the wayside, are to be seen in the constituencies which are about to elect representatives to the House of Commons. Were it not liable to more deeply wound those who have already been hurt, or like the old Roman gladiators, are looking up to the populace and crying out "Mortuari te salutemus," the names of many ex-members of Parliament could be given who were either refused re-nomination or are likely to be beaten—by their old friends—at the polls. In the majority of cases, men who once get a taste of public life are consumed by such a burning desire to remain in sight that they refuse to give place to other candidates until they get some office of emolument, are beaten at the party convention, or are knifed by their quondam friends at the polls.

There is something so pathetic and intensely human in cases of this sort that it may be worth while to give an illustration of the passing of a politician. Take the career of Jones for an example. Nominated by a party in an almost hopeless constituency where nominations are always easy, he redeems his county and is held by his fellow partisans as "a jolly good fellow," "a great organizer," "not afraid to work," "liberal with his money," and "not spoiled by his victory." He makes a few speeches in Parliament, always votes with his leader, attends funerals, tea-meetings, picnics, township fairs, and subscribes probably more than he can afford toward building churches, starting newspapers, and helping along local enterprises. Perhaps he spends considerable money in drinks and cigars, and loses a good deal of time and sleep by being at everybody's beck and call. When the convention day comes around his party usually feels sufficient gratitude to re-nominate him, and having attended well to the constituency as described, he is re-elected. After another four or five years of drudgery he appears a third time asking for nomination. Younger men who feel that they are smarter than he is, begin to wonder "when old Jones is going to quit." Old supporters who have been unable to get a share of the patronage which Jones or any other member of Parliament can never make go around amongst all the applicants, are bitter, and stand in with the younger men in an effort to sidetrack the anxious and indignant Jones, who begins to talk about the time and money he has spent to redeem and hold the constituency, which by this time he likely considers as his to have and to hold as long as he lives. The third nomination and re-election follow, and Jones, who has been warned, begins to hustle to get an appointment of some kind. Appointments such as a member of Parliament is willing to accept, like minor appointments, are not sufficiently numerous to satisfy all claimants, and poor Jones comes back for re-nomination a fourth time. By this time the sore-heads are more numerous, the aspirants for Parliamentary honors keener and more crafty.

Jones, however, tells them plainly that he must again be their banner-bearer, and hints that if he does not get the nomination he will run on his own hook as an Independent. The old heads who do not want the position, advise patience. Personal friends stick to Jones, and he manages to carry the convention. It is at this point that the knife is got ready for Mr. Jones. His opponent in the convention, who, perforce, probably moved to make the nomination unanimous, sees that there is no way to get rid of Jones except by beating him at the polls. Generally this secret opponent is profuse in his promises of loyal support, but his friends whisper to one another, and when voting day closes, the political corpse of Mr. Jones is ready for the tomb. He is broken-hearted at first, but his friends are angry and revengeful. He figures up the amount of money he would have made if he had minded his own business and kept out of politics, and he feels that his party owes him this sum, and he goes to Ottawa to collect it in the shape of an office, a contract, or any old thing that will reimburse him. He gets a good deal of sweet talk—what is known in slang as "hot air"—and he goes home and waits, and keeps on waiting, probably amidst poverty and the cold looks of those who were once his admirers. Robbed of the excitement of politics and the companionship of his old cronies at Ottawa, and hopeless of regaining his lost position, he becomes friendly with the opposite party, and finally blossoms, as the case may be, into a "disgusted" Liberal or Conservative. He is used by his old enemies in the next campaign and then discarded, after having lost the friendship and respect of both sides. Of course a few men take defeat quietly and wait for the tide to turn, but the tide seldom returns to the mediocre man who has got left, and his political end is certainly an unhappy one, for but few politicians of this stripe maintain within themselves the consciousness of duty done, but are degraded by the memory of the sacrifices of principle and honor which they have made, not so much for their party—though they always claim their deviations from right to have been for the party's sake—but to retain their position.

Probably in the two hundred and thirteen constituencies in Canada a score of men have been dropped at the nominating conventions, and probably a score of others will be knifed at the polls because they could not be got rid of in any other way. What an odious sensation it must be for a man to feel that he is only tolerated by his constituency. What racking unrest to sit in Parliament aching all over for an office. How intolerable it must become, cajoling the electors for a constituency and fawning on the leaders for a job. Yet for the so-called honor, accompanied by the unwholesome excitement, late hours and risky morals of a capital, the man with a bee in his bonnet will sacrifice everything and wind up his career without having had anything worth struggling for.

Not only is this description applicable to mediocre men, but it fits with exactness some of the greater guns. Cabinet Ministers, ex-Cabinet Ministers, some of the most

prominent men in the House, have to dodge about looking for constituencies willing to elect them. Promises have to be made—and broken; trying campaigns endured and many humiliations suffered by all. Leaders are pursued, importuned and abused, plots are hatched and threats muttered, amongst their own supporters. In the constituencies which they represent, ambitious young men feel that they are being kept out of a chance to be Prime Minister by these leaders who are forced upon the electors by the party organization. The result is the same. The "nest of traitors" was a good example of it in Parliament, and the defeat every now and then of a prominent man or his flight from one constituency to another indicates the workings of the disposition to get rid of the old fellows and give the young men a chance. Taken altogether, it is one of the unhappiest phases of politics, and needs only to be understood by those who are thinking of taking a hand in the game, to keep them out of it.

POLITICS bring together strange bed-fellows. Mr. W. R. Brock, Conservative candidate in Center Toronto, among other things asks for public confidence to be placed in him because he has never travelled on a railway pass. He says, according to the "Mail and Empire": "I will never allow myself to be hampered, or my independence sacrificed, by accepting passes from railways. You can rest assured that if you elect me as your representative I will not accept passes. I don't think a man can retain his independence while he rests under obligations to the railway companies for free transportation."

In the next constituency another equally estimable and upright gentleman, Mr. E. B. Osler, who is a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is asking the people of West Toronto to spurn the thought that he would be in any wise tempted to betray his constituents in order to further the interests of the railroad on whose board he occupies so influential a place. Personally, I think that both Mr. Brock and Mr. Osler are of much too large a size morally and commercially to sacrifice the interests of Toronto on account of a pass or a position on a railroad board, but under the circumstances I would like to know what they think of one another. If Mr. Brock fears that he could be influenced by such a trifle as a pass, he must really shudder to think of what will become of Mr. Osler and West Toronto when there is a railroad directorship liable to embarrass Mr. Osler if elected. Mr. Osler, on the other hand, feeling perfectly safe in his independence though he is a railroad director, must view with pity the timidity of Mr. Brock, who is afraid of a pass, or else suspect that the Conservative candidate in Center Toronto is talking buncombe.

MOOSWA AND OTHERS OF THE BOUNDARIES, by W. A. Fraser, published by William Briggs, Toronto, is as good an example of the art preservative as has ever been issued in Canada. The author, as everybody knows, is a Canadian who has already secured a high place as a novelist, not only in Canada, but in Great Britain and the United States. The numerous and beautiful illustrations are by Heming, and the artistic cover design by Gordon, both of Hamilton. The paper was made in Georgetown, and the printing and binding were done in the Methodist Book Room. The result is as handsome a book as can be produced in London or New York. The story is something after the style of the "Jungle Tales," and also has quite a flavor of Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," but it has a purpose and style all its own. Mr. Fraser introduces it as "a simple romance of a simple people, the furred dwellers of the northern forest," which came to him from time to time during the six seasons he spent on the Athabasca and Saskatchewan rivers in the far North-West of Canada. "Several of the little tales," he tells us, "are absolutely true," and I envy him his experience as he "listened to famous trappers as they spoke with enthusiastic vividness of the most fascinating life in the world—the fur-trapper's calling." "Mooswa, the moose, the protector of the Boy," Mr. Fraser tells us, "is still plentiful in the forests of the Athabasca, and is the embodiment of dignity among animals." The bear, the black fox, his mother and baby brother; the blue wolf, the wolverine, the lynx, the beaver, the rabbit, the marten, the otter, the mink, the muskrat, the skunk, the badger, and other animals, together with Francois, the French half-breed trapper, half-breeds, trained dogs, and Rod, the son of Donald MacGregor, formerly the factor to the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Resolution, are among the characters in this vivid and thrilling story. It is not a book which can be reviewed, but a short extract is given on page 7 which will give the reader a good idea of the style and methods of the writer. To both old and young it will be a book of wonderful interest, and as a Christmas gift for boys it cannot be excelled. As a purely Canadian work of which both the author and his countrymen may be proud, it is a pleasure to give it this extended notice.

Social and Personal.

ONE can generally forecast the tone of the coming season by the first of the current month, and the winter which will see the close of the century and the opening of the next hundred years is now assured of being a bright and merry one. Summer lingers after the usual time for double sashes and furnace-glow, and on November 1st we are sitting with wide-open doors and windows, roses are blooming in gardens, small fruit has had a marvellous second crop here and there, shirt-waists are still seen on the streets, and the golfers are jubilant over their long continued chances at their beloved game. Then the home-coming of the soldier laddies, rousing the deepest feeling all over the city, has opened the hearts and pockets of paters, and good times for the young folks result. There are also quite a number of debutantes and "debuters," as I heard the coming-out young men called, and for these teas and lunch-ent are being given "a la bonne heure" that people may realize their duty and duly enter their names in their invitation lists. Last, but by no means least, there are the brides, with wedding gowns and trousseau fineries to air, and new houses to "warm," and social obligations to acknowledge generally. It happens, moreover, that there are several smart newcomers who are keeping house, and who will do their share in making the social world revolve. Just as soon as the election excitement and anxiety are over, the dancing will begin, the dinner party will rear its sumptuous stupid or delightful head, the luncheon and the tea will hang on behind, the day will be shortened by nature and lengthened, according to Tom Moore, who sings: "For the best of all ways to lengthen your days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!"

The Victoria Club always plunges first from summer into winter, by giving its annual ball in October. The usual function took place last week, Friday evening being its date. A good many persons are saying that the good Victorians had more than their usual success this year; at all events the rink never looked prettier, and to Mr. McArthur, as chief decorator, and Mr. William Goulding, to whose generous loan of his pretty Japanese decorations and screens the general effect is due, the thanks and compliments were many and repeated. From the lofty pitch of the raftered roof swung great umbrellas, gorgeously colored and interspersed with strange-shaped lanterns and myriads of flags. It was all very airy, and the novelty added charm to the quaint and graceful arrangement. Cosy corners, often draughty ones, were really cosy, and the mild night made them most agreeable resting-places. The supper was served in a huge marquee, portioning off the east end of the great rink, and the tent doors were guarded by red-coats, for without the military we can do nothing these days (and nights). The menu was elaborate, and everything served was exceedingly nice and toothsome. The central table, where feasted the committee, officers and patronesses, was crowned with flowers and twinkling with pretty pink candles. The electric globes were covered with

white, crossed with the scarlet of brave St. George, a saint very much in favor these gallant days! On the main floor, the rendezvous carried their usual sporty legends, and "Bowling," just to the left of the entrance, was the favorite of the patronesses, for there a little throne place with Turkish rugs and great easy chairs was arranged. The president, the secretary, whose popular wife was not present, as reported, but confined to her home by illness, though his winsome, golden-haired debutante, Miss Mary Miles, was one of the belles, and several charming visitors, Miss Ward, of New York, guest of Miss Helen Strange; Miss Ravenshaw, of London, Eng.; Miss Gething, an English lady who is visiting Mrs. W. Goulding; Miss Carter, of Lloydstown; Miss Patterson, of Montreal, were also much sought after. Mrs. Magann was very sweet in white satin and chiffon; Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, wore white satin; Mrs. Goulding pale blue; Mrs. Armstrong and Mrs. Macbeth were in black; Miss Beatrice Myles in heliotrope with white fringe; Miss Wornum in white satin; Miss Vickers in gauze-grenadine, white, striped with apple-green; Miss White wore black chiffon; Mrs. Willoughby Cummings in black satin and lace; Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, both in black, such smart Paris frocks, which became them charmingly. Mrs. Harton Walker wore Venetian red; Mrs. Harry Patterson wore black, touched with silver; Miss Carter, of Lloydstown, a pretty fluffy pink chiffon; Mrs. Victor Armstrong a handsome white and black gown; Miss Falconbridge was as bright and pretty as always in a rich brocade; Miss Emily Falconbridge wore white lace over pink; Miss Norton, the Bishop of Toronto's fair little English niece, wore a rich lavender satin with white fringe. Mrs. George Hodgins was a much-welcomed visitor with her brother, Mr. Dickson Patterson. Mrs. Ince wore black, trimmed with lace and jet. Several of the officers, whose bright uniforms do so much to give a smart touch to a dance, were present, Colonel Montizambert, of Kingston, from which city came also a pretty girl, Miss McParland, in a smart black frock; Colonel Young and Mr. Fred Lister, in the scarlet so beloved just now; Major Myles, in the rich artillery mess uniform, and others. The usual bright coterie of young married women, whose programmes are always full, were even in greater form than ordinary. A very handsome girl was Miss Graeme Stewart, in pink satin, and Miss Aimee Buckner, in a vivid red frock, was one of the most besieged of the young set and admired for her very pretty dancing. Petite Miss Dottie Lamont, in white silk, with roses in her hair, was a picture of grace in the dance. Miss Dwight, Miss Hedley, Miss Mary Ellwood, Miss Strange, Miss McArthur, Miss Warren, Miss McDonnell, and Miss Edith Heward wore black combined with color, and looked very well.

Miss Enid Wornum gave a delightful euchre last week, on Thursday evening, in honor of Miss Ward, the charming guest of Miss Helen Strange. The young hostess, who was aided in receiving and looking after her party by her mother and Dr. Catermole, was very handsome in a white gown touched with pink. The guests at this charming affair were Mrs. J. B. Laidlaw and her guest, Miss Thornton; Miss Strange and Miss Ward, Misses Bessie Lister, Gertrude and Muriel Brock, S. Mara, Birdie Warren, Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Misses Ross, Kate Ross, Elsie Helliwell, Mary Miles, Marion Barker, Graeme Stewart, Meta Macbeth, and Messrs. Smart, Bryan, Vivien, Lockie, Jones, Warden, Woodbridge, Kirkpatrick, Ramsden, McGill, Gunther, Noble, Douglas, Perry, Helliwell, and W. Laidlaw. Miss Ward and Mr. Noble took the prizes.

Miss Mowat's first reception proved a most popular rendezvous last week, the ball-room, where tea was served, being crowded with ladies and gentlemen from five to six o'clock. Miss Mowat and Mrs. Fred Mowat received in the first drawing-room, and Miss Biggar, very sweet and fair in a deep red gown with ermine trimming, and assisted by Mr. Sydney Band, was the bright presiding spirit in the tea-room. Everyone was calling that day, and consequently the usual greetings were multiplied. A distinguished and handsome military man was Colonel Montizambert, of Kingston. Mrs. Sweetman brought her English niece, Miss Norton; Mrs. Darling her bright debutante; Mrs. Miles her pretty young daughter; Mrs. Dignam the gentle fiancée of the gallant young Hollander, who is expected here, I am told, immediately; Mr. Nordheimer brought his sweet young daughter, Miss Gladys, and beside the young folk and their chaperones were many representative society leaders from the various quarters of the city.

Mrs. Irving Cameron's friends did not mind a drop of rain when the hour came to set out for her tea last Friday, but arrived in great numbers, and stayed late, finding the pretty flower-strewn rooms, the bright and beautiful tea-table and the clever and winning assistants able seconds of the pleasant welcome of their hostess, to make their afternoon hour most delightful, and the sulky elements without additionally uninviting. Lots of nice women, many sunning frocks, a few men, for only on Saturday can these busy folk frolic to the extent of a tea, foregathered in Mrs. Cameron's rooms from five to six o'clock. Mrs. Darling poured tea at a charmingly set table, and Miss Gooderham, with a girl friend or two, had charge of the dainties thereon. Miss Evelyn Cameron was introduced on Friday, and on Saturday a second tea, largely for the young set, was also given by Mrs. Cameron, whose son and daughter, a most delightful young couple indeed, are in danger of being blases of compliments.

The welcoming arch, of which we have a picture, through the courtesy of the designer, Mr. F. J. Ricarde Seaver, is to be of white, edged with green and outlined in that triumph of modern decorative effect, strings of

electric lights. The reverse side is closely covered with evergreen, in the center of which a red shield with white medallion of the brave old hero, Bobs, will be set, encircled with flags. "Welcome" in white letters on a red ground will greet the warriors returning to a city simply aching to hold carnival in their honor. Scrolls of honor with South African victories and battles inscribed thereon, and swords, rifles and flags will be grouped with that eye to effect which makes all Mr. Ricarde Seaver's designs "facile princeps."

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Glackmeyer are at Mrs. Kilner's, 240 College street, for the winter, and Mrs. Glackmeyer receives on Tuesdays.

Mrs. Heaven and her daughters are settled for the winter in their new home, 46 Gerrard street east, and will be happy to receive their friends on the first and third Mondays of the month.

The Eduard Strauss Orchestra gave a treat to Toronto music lovers this week, and on Wednesday a smart audience turned out to hear their delightful playing. All was ensemble work, and in his own waltzes the leader appeared violin in hand, and led and conducted by turns. Massey Hall was fairly filled, among those present being Mrs. Fred Mowat, Mr. Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Ethel Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Miss Helen Beardmore, Miss and Miss Pearl Macdonald, Captain and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Edith Jarvis and her fiancé, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. A. S. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Miss Marion Laidlaw, Rev. Sutherland Macklem, Mr. Douglas Macklem, who has recently come from England, and Dr. and Mrs. Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. Henri Suydam have taken 62 Madison avenue, and will soon be settled there. Mrs. Suydam is always a charming hostess, and while she was boarding her friends missed many happy hours spent in her always lovely home.

Mr. George Ritchie has been away in Philadelphia. Mrs. Ritchie has been slightly indisposed from a cold. Mr. Mackenzie, of London, spent a few days in town with his fiancée, Miss Agnes Vickers, at her home.

Mrs. Christopher Robinson, who recently returned to town, has a sweet young daughter to bring out in Toronto this season. Mrs. Robinson is, much to her friends' pleasure, able to go about and take part in the doings of her own circle.

Mr. Tom Plummer left for New York at 5.20 on Thursday to join his regiment at Woolwich. Last Sunday afternoon, a number of his young friends took tea and supper at the hospitable Plummer residence in Wellesley street, and bid adieu to the son of the house. Mr. Plummer and Mr. Charlie are unfortunately on a tour out west, and could not get back to say good-bye to Mr. Tom Plummer, who carries so many good wishes with him for his success as a soldier of the Queen.

"A la militaire" is the watchword this week. The red waist and smart mess jacket are worn by every second young woman, and the new military belts of black patent leather, some plain and some finished with gold braid, are being sought as a finishing touch by smart women. The Julian Sale Company has brought out, this week, some extra nice styles in these patent leather belts, and the difference in their quality from those cheap affairs sold in some shops is noticeable at a glance. To be quite up to date, madam and mademoiselle must absolutely have the military waist-belt, and its quality must be A1 to give the desired chic.

Mrs. Beverley Smith (nee Caldecott) will receive at 3 Linden street on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 5th, 6th and 7th, and afterwards on the first and second Mondays.

Next Friday evening the graduating class of nurses at Toronto General Hospital will receive their diplomas in the theater of the Hospital, and have a reception afterwards in the Residence in the west wing.

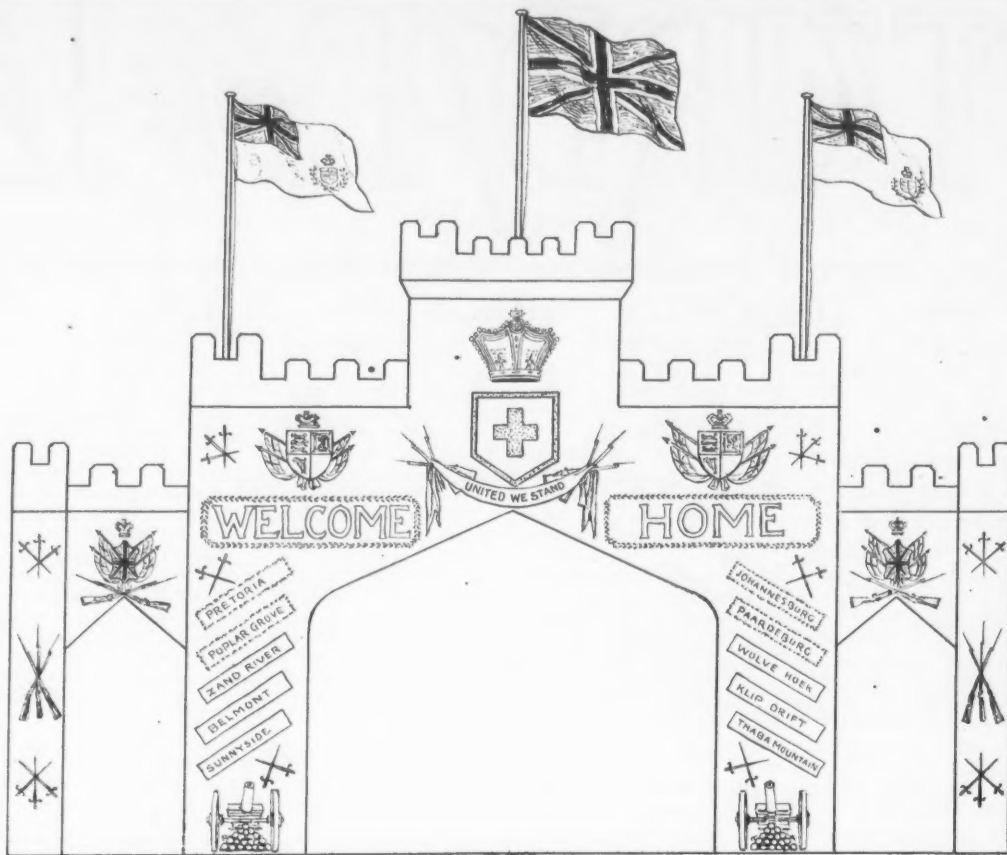
Mr. and Mrs. George Mitchell are to spend the winter abroad. Mr. A. A. Morrice and his bride will occupy Mr. Mitchell's house in December. Mrs. Mitchell receives for the last time on Tuesday.

Mrs. Joseph Irving has returned to town, after spending a delightful six weeks in Whitty. Mr. and Mrs. Irving have taken apartments at 64 Gloucester street, where Mrs. Irving will receive on first and second Mondays.

Mrs. George W. Erb, of Winnipeg, and her little daughter Allen, are the guests of Mrs. C. S. Boone, of Bloor street east.

Mrs. E. B. Osler was yesterday presented with a portrait of Mr. Osler by Mr. William Hendrie, on behalf of the North of Scotland Mortgage Company, Limited. The portrait is by Sir George Reid, president of the Royal Scotch Academy.

Miss Katie Cross is the debutante to be presented by her mother to society at a tea at her home, 28 Walmer road, next Thursday afternoon, for which Mrs. Cross's friends received cards this week.



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the treatment of various rooms and also a few
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To make room we are disposing of
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to become more beautiful are within reach of all. You may be growing old in years, but why grow old in looks? Madam Kennedy, the leading and successful complexion specialist, has given you positive proof that wrinkles can be removed; that all blemishes can be cured. As a positive proof she has had on exhibition at different times seven old ladies with wrinkles removed from one side of the face, leaving the other side to show just how badly they were wrinkled. Also five girls with the freckles removed from one side of the face. Have you seen any of these women? If not, call and see the girl now on exhibition with the one side of her face treated. This is positive proof that wrinkles, pimples, freckles, moth patches, acne and all facial blemishes can be cured. Best of testimonials can be seen at parlors. All consultations free.



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Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Miss Marion Janet Kirkland, only daughter of Mr. Angus Kirkland, manager of the Bank of Montreal here, and Mr. Alexander W. Mackenzie, second son of Mr. William Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, takes place on Tuesday, November 13, and Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland have sent out cards for a reception at their residence, 160 St. George street, at 3.30 o'clock, on that day.

Mrs. Allan and Miss Ebbert of Galveston, Texas, have been visiting for a few days recently in Toronto, the guests of their cousin, Mrs. Ross, of Huntley street. During their stay a very informal "telephone tea"—that is, one to which friends were invited by means of the handy little helio box—was given by their hostess, followed by a musical, at which Miss Ebbert, who has a fine contralto, sang delightfully. She also sang during the evening. The visitors, who were most charming ladies, have since proceeded homewards after a most enjoyable tour in the North. Mrs. Ross' guests in the afternoon were young people and a few of the season's brides. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed and Dr. and Mrs. Garratt were of the party.

Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, with her wee daughter, has gone on a visit to her family in New York, and will not receive until after the New Year in Toronto.

The Misses Monahan of Breadalbane street, who have recently returned from Ireland and the Continent, where they and Mrs. Monahan spent a year, sent out cards for a tea, which took place yesterday afternoon, and to which friends were asked to meet Miss Laurence.

Mrs. Morgan came down from Winnipeg on Tuesday, and spent a day with her sister, Miss Ravenshaw, in her snug little studio in the Strathly Building. Mrs. Morgan left for New York next day to join her husband, and will go on to England at once.

Friends of Mr. William C. Muir, formerly of the Ontario Bank here, will be glad to know that he is better, after a severe illness, though not yet quite well. Mr. Muir went to Pittsburgh, where, I believe, he has done very well, otherwise than in health, since his removal.

Hon. Arthur W. Ross was in town this week, greeted by many old friends. Mr. and Mrs. Ross and Mr. Hugo Ross were among the many smart people at Mrs. Macdougall's charming concert for the Orthopedic Hospital on Monday evening.

A Montreal friend writes: "The Montreal branch of the Woman's Art Association is to be congratulated on having brought its arrangements for the exhibition of arts and handicrafts to such a successful issue. The exhibition was opened by Lord Strathcona and Dr. Peterson, principal of McGill University. There was a large attendance, representing the fashion, wealth and culture of Montreal, during the afternoon and evening. The exhibition is being held in the art galleries of the Colonial House, well known to visitors to Montreal. There are many specimens of fine needle-work shown. Miss Psyche Grant of Toronto sends some very pretty lace. In section C—ceramics, pottery and glass—the modern and the antique are divided. Mrs. Alfred Boulton of Toronto is a large exhibitor in the former division, which includes many very handsome pieces. Section D contains much of interest to lovers of books, old and new. The progress of book-making in Canada is shown from the first book bound in its plain leather cover in 1765 to the modern productions of Leveille and Morang. Section F is a very attractive display of designs and illustrations. To many the illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn, for Dr. Drummond's 'Habitant,' are most interesting. Pelang's Sweetheart, gazing mournfully into the embers, shows that she 'thinks of her cher garcon.' 'O ma ole canoe, w'at's de matter wit' you?' says the old habitant's face as plainly as if he spoke. The illustrations by Morang & Co., Toronto, for Dr. Loutin's 'Frochet's Christmas in France' Canada, are also fine. The original cartoons by Bengough are most amusing. The designs are, many of them, excellent and very original. Section G is a 'corner in baskets.' There are Alaskan baskets, and Klickitat baskets, Chehalis baskets, and Cayuse baskets—baskets made by Indians in probably every part of the world where Indians are to be found. There is also grass cloth from Sierra Leone, porcupine embroidery, native cotton cloth from Timbuctoo, transparent beadwork and—as may be said of the whole exhibition—many other interesting articles too numerous to mention. The exhibition closes today."

The engagement of Miss Tudhope of Madison avenue to Dr. C. A. Page, late house surgeon of the Toronto General Hospital, is announced. The marriage will take place early in December.

Miss Violet Coen of Chicago is in Toronto on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. W. J. M. Taylor, 227 Robert street, and was a charming guest at the Victoria Club ball last week.

Mrs. Harry N. Briggs (nee Taylor) will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Friday and Saturday, November 9 and 10, from 3 till 10, at her residence, 123 Yorkville avenue. Afterwards Mrs. Briggs will be at home on the first and third Mondays in the month.

Mrs. Grundy, Miss Carrie Grundy and Mrs. Edward Owen are at 415 Church street for the winter.

Among those who are wintering abroad are Mrs. Michie, Miss May and Miss Ada Michie, who intend spending

the winter with their uncles at Castle Rocklands, Carrickfergus, Ireland, having first enjoyed a visit to London, England.

Mr. R. H. Cosbie of Rose avenue has gone to Quebec to meet his family on their return from the Old Country, where they have been for the summer.

The Board of Trade banquet given in honor of Lord Strathcona, whose visit has aroused the grateful enthusiasm of every patriotic Canadian for his superb gift to the British Empire of the famous Strathcona Horse, who have "writ their name in red on the Dark Continent," took place with tremendous eclat and joyous hilarity on Monday evening. The martial spirit was breathed in the decoration scheme, scarlet and white. St. George's Cross, stands of rifles, shields, emblazoned with the names of the various countries composing the greatest empire that has been, cute little cannons poking brown noses through stone walls of white cotton, flags galore and "hands across the sea" pictured on either wall, such hands as little Gulliver saw in Brobdingnag. The whole interior of the Pavilion was covered with the snowy and scarlet linings, giving a marquee-like effect, and the principal tables were glorious with huge, snowy chrysanthemums, deep-red Meteor roses and feathery ferns. Dunlop's people did the very best in the decorative way, and their efforts were greatly admired, especially by the rival beauties in the galleries, who were arrayed in their most fetching and brilliant toilettes in honor of the guest of honor, who did not see them, and various "hobbies" and other lesser male beings who did, and upon whom many boxes of note and wreathed smiles were bestowed. Nearly every seat was filled, and people stood patiently watching the good octogenarian as he spoke, guessing their cleverest at what he was saying, and tasting the ice cream which was served by white-frocked waitresses, many of whom were posted in the galleries to serve good things to the ladies grand and gorgeous who filled the seats. Below were the men of might in the financial and political world, the lights of artistic and social cliques, the lesser luminaries all about the town. They applauded, cheered, stood up and waved their dinner napkins, looking like a flock of queer black crows with one white wing apiece when the old man, the Scotchman who is the great living example of Max O'Rell's never remark, rose to talk in his deliberate, old way, about the things that stir our pockets and our hearts. He put the pockets first, which was proper for a Scotchman. He told of 7,000 letters received at his London office asking for pointers about this country, and he was sound on the one thing needful, the filling up of the great North-West. He thanked the men who did him honor, and said exceedingly charming things to the emphatic little damsel who made a speech to him and presented him with a sheaf of crimson roses. And it struck me that the fine old man was really more tickled with that outspoken small girl than with all the glorious eloquence of the great guns who lauded his many excellences. It was most quaint and pretty to hear Lord Strathcona call her "the little gentleman." A new departure which amused some, relieved all and interested not a few, were the interludes devoted to the rising generation, Khaki boys and Miss Canadas, with their marches and drill, which were timely and well carried out in every way. The Q.O.R. Band played in the east gallery. The seats of honor were reserved opposite the stage, and the Government House party, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. G. A. Cox, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Ames and some others, occupied them. A bevy of smart women from St. George street, Mrs. Riddell in white satin, Mrs. Matthews in black, Mrs. and Miss Melvin Jones, who came in from the Orthopedic concert just in time to hear the guest of the evening, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. W. Crowther and Mrs. Mann. Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. W. Goulding, Mrs. Hartley Dewart, Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Mara and Miss Charles McLeod, Mrs. and Miss Evelyn Cox, Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Dunnet, Miss Marion Wilkie, Mrs. Morang, Mrs. and Miss Heaven, Mrs. Creelman, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh, Mrs. Fudger, Mrs. and Miss Kerr, the Misses Gooderham, Mrs. Millicamp, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mrs. Mac-Murphy, Mrs. Parkin, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. and Miss Waite, Mrs. Charles Temple, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Thomson, Mrs. J. E. Woods, Miss Violet Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Wallace Jones, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. and Miss Arnold, Mrs. S. G. Beatty, Mrs. W. H. Lee, Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. Charles Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Irish, Miss Homer Dixon, Mrs. E. Cox, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Rowbotham, Miss Hodgins, Mrs. George Hodgins, Miss Jennings were also present.

Saturday evening each week is the rendezvous time of the Toronto Orchestra, of which organization Mr. Harry F. Strickland is the secretary. The president is Mr. T. C. Dawson and the conductor Mr. Torrington, who are associated as executive committee with Messrs. Ardill, Bayley, Waldron, Royce and the secretary. Several well-known society people who are efficient musicians are taking an active part and interest in the orchestra, which is to give a course of concerts this winter.

Mrs. J. W. F. Ross gives a tea this afternoon at her residence, Sherbourne and Wellesley streets. Mrs. Dalton of Oakleigh, Isabella street, gave a tea last Saturday afternoon to many of her daughters' friends.

Many persons are suffering from a lack of interest in life. An interest which is sufficiently remote never to be a nuisance may be taken in a poor, starving little Indian child, in the famine district, by sending that devoted humanitarian worker, Miss Caroline Macklem, of Sylvan Tower, Rosedale, the sum of fifteen dollars, which will keep your small protégé for a year in one of the homes in India, with quar-

Ladies' Fine Shoes With Heavy Soles

Nothing clumsy about them, just the thing to buy at this season of the year. With these shoes it wouldn't matter very much if you didn't have rubbers.

The \$3.00 kinds come in Box Calf and Vici Kid, with Welted Soles.

The \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50 styles are made with Cork Insoles, hand sewn Goodyear Welt process. Widths B to E—that means we can fit your foot perfectly—make the new shoes feel like the old ones.

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The loyalty of our patrons under such conditions has been most gratifying.

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On and after Saturday next you will find us with as complete facilities for doing business as any Jewelry Store on the Continent—none excepted.

No detail that will conduce to your comfort has been overlooked.

Our stock, too, will be worthy of its surroundings—the newest and choicest in Fine Jewelry—Silverware and Art Goods that the world's best markets can furnish us.

Ryrie Bros.

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THE Teas, Luncheons and Receptions served by Geo. S. McConkey, 27 and 29 King St. West, are in the daintiest form and are perfections of the Caterer's art.

Ladies' Patent Leather Belts Mounted With Gold Braid

is the latest production. They are very dressy and set your figure off to perfection.

No. 13 is 1 inch width, narrow braid - 25c.
No. 14 is 1 1/2 inch width at back, tapering to 1 inch in front, narrow braid - 35c.
No. 15 is same as No. 14, patent lined, heavy braid - 50c.
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The Hooper Co.

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terly announcements to you of his or her well-being, and will be at once forwarded by Miss Macklem on your behalf for that purpose. Miss Macklem says: "I am still glad to receive contributions for the general fund, or to send names and addresses of those who wish to take any particular part in the India orphan work."

Mr. Columbus Greene, Miss and Mr. Greene are settled for the winter in Mrs. Hugh Ryan's residence, Huntley street and Elm avenue, Rosedale. Mrs. and Miss Ryan and Mrs. Percival Greene are to spend the winter abroad.



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Appointments made for hair dressing at residence or at our parlors. Tel. 2498. Just received, the latest designs in hair ornaments in real, real tortoiseshell combs and pins; other pretty hair ornaments, aigrettes, butterflies, etc. Stray lock retainers and clasps. Our ladies' face massage and steaming treatment is the most natural and beneficial for the complexion. Ladies', Children's and Gents' Manicure Parlors. Tel. 2498.

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Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert chiropodist. L. A. Macdonald, 124 King Street West, opposite Rossin House, Toronto. Tel. 1882.

The Crompton Hygeian Waist



This is the Crompton Hygeian Waist, and a garment never yet disgraced. Inside it is a mine of health, outside of charms it has a wealth. It is a thing of comfort true, and a sweet joy for forever new. It needs no artificial padding vile, nor bustle big to give it style. This lauded, dried easy, strong and sound, and gives the form with beauty round. Our business women, cyclists too, wear Hygeian Waists, there's far from few whose pretty forms are not tight-laced, but graceful through the Hygeian Waist.

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Rare China, Bric-a-brac,
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Upper Gallery and new Show-Rooms now open to the public. You are invited.

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"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP"—wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice. Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.
Montreal.

Curious Bits of News.

Taking the earth as a large marble one inch in diameter, the moon would be represented by a small pea 2 1-2 feet away, and the sun by a 9-foot globe 960 feet away.

The fruit-growers of California have decided to erect a factory to manufacture concentrated fruit. By the new process huge blocks of concentrated grape, apricot, peach, pear and plum will be made, and all over-ripe and under-sized fruit can be utilized. It is said the product retains the original flavor, and will keep indefinitely.

The Sydney "Bulletin" reports a case of two Australian judges, one of the Supreme, the other of an inferior court, settling a little difference of opinion, on a question of honor, in the good old-fashioned way with bare fists. Preliminaries were fixed up in a few minutes at a fashionable club, and the legal luminaries retired with their seconds to a well-known private boxing-hall, where they vigorously pounded one another for fifteen minutes. The minor judge eventually established his claim by a knock-out blow under the Supreme Court jaw.

There is one dog who makes his living by driving a printing press. It is only a development of the old turnspit business, but the dog prints a whole edition of 1,000 papers in one hour. The dog is named Gypsy, and is the property of Messrs. Carroll and Bowen, proprietors of the "Plymouth (Wisconsin) Review." He is a two-year-old English mastiff, weighs 100 pounds, and does his work by running round in a wooden wheel eight feet in diameter.

Here is a curious chain of destruction. The mongoose was introduced into Jamaica to kill rats. After killing out all the rats, the mongoose attacked all the birds which laid their eggs on the ground, killing the birds and eating their eggs. Now these birds were the only means by which certain pestiferous ticks were kept under. With the disappearance of the birds, the ticks have reappeared in great numbers, and by a curious Nemesis have attacked the mongoose, and the Jamaicans are rejoicing in the prospect of celebrating before long the disappearance of the last mongoose.

Cats, so disliked by the Queen and Lord Roberts, have helped to produce some very famous works. Whilst Ouida wrote "Under Two Flags," her great grey Persian sat either on the table she wrote at or on her lap. That cat is dead now, but always, whilst she wrote, one or more are in the room with her. The French poet Francois Coppee is another lover of cats. He has a great black short-coated cat, which sits beside him for hours as he works. He frequently strokes its thick, close coat, and declares that the electricity from its fur gives him inspiration.

Raffles in Real Life.

A SERIOUS-MINDED "American" woman—she went to Paris to attend the Woman's Rights Congress—has had glory thrust upon her in the most extraordinary way. With three friends she had rented a furnished cottage in the suburb of Neuilly. The other night, about two o'clock, she was awakened by a noise in her room. She was just about to scream, for she thought it was a mouse, when she heard a creaking door and then footsteps in the hall. Realizing that it was not mouse but man, she rushed down and captured her burglar, just as he was getting out of the drawing-room window. Her three friends and the maid-servant—a white brigade—came to her aid, and they tied up the burglar and sat on him till the police came. Then they let him up.

He was a slim young man in evening dress. He bowed and said: "Pardon me; had I known there were only ladies in the house—and strangers—I should never have intruded." He bowed gracefully again, and the police led him away. Now when he was arraigned the next day it was discovered that this young rogue and burglar was a veritable marquis, a member of an honored and historic family. He is twenty-three years old and in the last year has wasted a fortune. As the "American" women's jewelry and pocketbooks were found in his pockets, he thought it best to plead guilty. The burglar marquis is the talk of Paris; and the "American" girls—those who are not serious-minded and do not attend the woman's rights congress—are debating what should be done in such a case, and whether it were better to call a policeman or send for a marriage license.

Marquises are not so plentiful in these days. It is a shame, the thrifty maidens say, to waste 'em.

The Superfluous Woman.

The social economists who have been worrying themselves over the problem involving the question of the most effective method of eliminating the superfluous woman may find much aid and comfort in some statistics recently published by the American Statistical Association of Boston. These statistics relate to marriage, child-birth and health among college and non-college women. They show what happened in these particulars to three hundred and forty-three college women and three hundred and thirteen non-college women who were their sisters, cousins or friends, and therefore of about the same social station. The college women, according to the statistics, marry two years later in life than do the others, and they bear a higher percentage of male children. This latter difference is quite marked, and is accepted by the statisticians as an effect of higher education upon the sex. It is therefore to be concluded that to prevent the preponderance of female over male births the skirted sex should be prepared for maternity by a thorough college training.

Wise Bobby.



Teacher—Who is it that sits idly by, doing nothing, while everybody else is working?
Bobby—The teacher.

The Story of a Ring.

THE golden wedding celebration of Professor Doremus, the celebrated chemist, brings to mind a singularly dramatic episode. Dr. Doremus and Ole Bull, the violinist, were intimate friends. During one of the early visits of the Swedish violinist to this country, he exhibited to Dr. Doremus, with conscious pride, an emerald set in a ring, given him by the King of Sweden. The emerald was of great size and had the letter "B" cut into its face. Shortly afterward Ole Bull was exhibiting the ring in a crowded room. The ring went from hand to hand, but never got back to the owner. The loss of the jewel made Bull fairly ill. He hurried for counsel to Dr. Doremus, his bosom friend. The room was searched, but the ring was not found. Yet the suspicion of theft could not be fastened upon any one person. Bull told Dr. Doremus that he prized the ring above all his other possessions, as it represented one of the first expressions of friendship from a fellow-countryman.

A few years later, Edwin Booth, the actor, received from a well-known lawyer of this city a present of an emerald scarf pin. The actor was not easily moved by such tokens of admiration, but this gift impressed him, as the first letter of his surname appeared on the face of the emerald. Booth never wore the pin, but placed it with other valuable gifts, where it remained until a strange episode brought it to light.

During the period when Booth's Theater in Twenty-third street was the dramatic center of the city, a grand performance of Hamlet had been planned. Booth remarked to Dr. Doremus that a selection by some famous vocalist or musician during the longest act would add to the impressiveness of the occasion. Dr. Doremus said he would arrange that feature of the programme, and he immediately wired Ole Bull, who was in Chicago, to come to New York as a special favor to Booth and himself. The violinist wired back that he would break his engagement and come. Ole Bull's fiddling was one of the strongest features of the programme. He was engaged again and again, and finally came before the curtain hand in hand with the actor.

Booth was deeply moved by what Bull had done, and asked Dr. Doremus what he should do in return. "Don't offer him money," answered Dr. Doremus. "Give him something of your own that you prize highly." "I know what I shall do," the actor answered, enthusiastically. "I have an old emerald set in that I prize highly but never use. Let me show it to you." Booth took from his secretary drawer the pin the lawyer had given him long before. When Dr. Doremus saw the stone he gasped. He took it to the light and examined it closely. It was the same stone Bull had shown him in a ring years before.

The chemist told the actor the strange story. Booth did not hesitate to mention the name of the lawyer who had given it to him. Ole Bull was then Dr. Doremus's guest. It was arranged that Dr. Doremus should give a dinner of a few congenial spirits in honor of Edwin Booth and Ole Bull. The actor, in the meantime, had the emerald set into a heavy gold ring. The daily papers of the time commented on the dinner, but the real significance of the event was known only to three of the persons present. During the harmony over the liqueurs and cigars, Booth stood, and in a few well-chosen words thanked the violinist for his grand work at the theater, and begged him to accept a token of his regards. Ole Bull stood in reverent silence. When he opened the box he took back in his chair, buried his face in his hands and wept. Later, when the violinist apologized for his loss of control, Booth answered: "Mr. Bull, tears are a thousand times more eloquent than words."

The Queen's True Womanhood.

A pretty story is told by Professor Bevan on the authority of the Duke of Windsor. Dr. Bull was sent for to visit one of the kitchen maids at the Castle whom the doctor had pronounced to be in danger. Her bedroom was in an out-of-the-way part of the building, approached by many flights of stairs. He found the young girl pale and ill, but still bright and cheery. "I have had a visit from her Majesty," she whispered to him. "She was so kind. She said to me: 'My dear, I hope you are better. I wished to come and see you, but I am eighty-one years of age, and I had to stop and rest many times by sitting on the stairs.' Wasn't that kind, sir?"

The Original "Talisman."

The plague at Glasgow recalls the existence of the historic Lee Penny, now owned by Sir Simon Lockhart. It is a triangular pebble set in an old silver coin, and was brought back from Spain as a portion of the ransom of a Moorish chief when an ancestor of Sir

Simon Lockhart accompanied Lord James Douglas in his endeavor to bury the heart of Bruce in Palestine. The Lee Penny, which suggested to Sir Walter Scott the theme of "The Talisman," is regarded as a great charm against the plague, and when that scourge ravaged the South of Scotland at the close of the seventeenth century it was often borrowed as an amulet. The municipality of Newcastle bought a temporary lease of it at a large sum, and some aldermen seriously proposed forfeiting the deposit and permanently presenting the Lee Penny to the borough.

Disraeli as an Advertiser.

"Truth."

No one knew better than Disraeli that the secret of the success of a pill or of a soap—a continuous, spacious and "displayed" advertisement—was the secret also of the success of a public man. The epigram of Chesterfield in his old age—"Tyranny and I have been dead these two years, but we do not want it known"—is a modest expression of a principle of Disraeli's—to keep yourself always and at all costs in evidence. Hence the foppery of his golden youth, when "he looked as though he were hanging in chains," and when he boasted:

"I have the fame of being the first who ever passed the Straits with two canes—a morning and an evening cane. I change my cane when the gun fires, and hope to carry them both on to Cairo. It is wonderful the effect these magical wands produce. I owe to them even more attention than to being the supposed author of—what is it?—I forget!"

And, indeed, these novels themselves, like the canes, were intended chiefly to attract or keep attention and hold the stage one way or another.

A Pointed Reply.

Madame Sarah Grand, having been attacked by the Rev. Dr. Price of Edinburgh for her alleged injurious writings, has defended herself with some humor and much point. Mme. Grand does not feel at all responsible for the arrest of a minister's daughter, who was recently found masquerading in men's clothing. The author of "The Heavenly Twins" writes:

"In one book of mine, a wretched little production called 'The Tenor and the Boy,' a young lady, with conspicuously wrong ideas, masquerades in male attire; but, as the story shows she had bitter cause to repent of her folly, fair-minded people must fail to see how it could have influenced even a silly girl in the manner attributed to it. But if incidents in books are likely to reproduce themselves in the conduct of those who read them, whatever the moral attached to the incident may be, I sincerely hope, for the sake of his wife and family, that Dr. Price of Birmingham will never be caught dipping into the Old Testament."

Mr. Winston Churchill as a Speaker.

So much interest attaches to Mr. Winston Churchill and his political doings just now that we venture to give some impressions of him, re-

Food Saves.

Doctor Knew the Value of Grape-Nuts. A breakfast food that a baby can handle is a pretty safe proposition for grown people with weak stomachs. Dr. William Hall, 156 State street, Boston, has tried Grape-Nuts food in his own case, as a result of which he says: "I have been relieved from the distressing form of indigestion caused by the non-assimilation of starchy foods, and since making Grape-Nuts a part of my dietary scale, I have had no trouble, and find my power of concentration markedly increased."

"I have frequently prescribed Grape-Nuts food in my practice, with most excellent results. The notes of one case I enclose herewith. July 10, '99, called to see M— B—, two years and three months old; found the child ill-nourished, with waxen skin, enlarged joints, beaded ribs, enlargement of the abdomen, furred tongue, constant vomiting, and diarrhoea—in short, a typical case of rachitis. The child weighed fourteen pounds and was daily losing flesh."

"Enquiring into the dietary, I found oat meal, macaroni, rice, white bread and milk had formed the chief articles of food, and lately all had been rejected. I at once stopped all other foods and placed her on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which was retained on the stomach from the first."

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ceived from a lady correspondent who

heard him speak just after he came home from the front. They are naive and particularly feminine. "Mr. Churchill," she says, "has not a good voice, and is not reposeful! I think he takes hold of his coat as a restraint. He commences his sentences with a slight hesitation, then violently shakes his arms as though he were shaking a sack. The action reminded me of a smart four-in-hand, with a couple of dexterous turns unrolling some rich fabric, and letting the folds fall gracefully to the ground for the delectation of an aristocratic customer. He is quite delightful, and so clever!"

Mixed Metaphors.

English election speeches were full of mixed metaphors, Scottish smiles, well meant for "jokes," and Irish bulls. Sir W. Harcourt said, in the recent contest, that the Government knew that "the gift was coming off the gingerbread, and they desired to snatch a verdict before the ebb-tide left them stranded high and dry." His Welsh audience laughed. Strange figures of speech and flowers of rhetoric have cropped up elsewhere; but, so far, nobody has beaten the late Sir G. Campbell's assertion that "the backbone of the Indian army is the pale face of the British soldier." This recalls the Irish legislator who declared that the Irish peasants were so reduced in circumstances that, like the birds of the air, they were living from hand to mouth.

An Auto-biography.

This is the Auto Jones bought.

This is the Owner, who with pride

Climbs up for his first inspiring ride.

This is the Avenue, nice and broad,

Through which he hurtles, overawed.

This is the Gong that clamors loud

And paralyzes a luckless crowd.

These are the mounted Coppers grim

Who gallop to succor life and limb.

This is the Ambulance here and there

Collecting specimens past repair.

These are the Things the auto hits

And butts to pieces before it quits.

These are the Bills brought in—boo hoo!

For arms and legs, and funerals, too.

AND—

This is the Street Car which to-day

Carries along his humble way.

That chap who settled the Bills—boo hoo!

For arms and legs, and funerals, too.

And for numerous Things his auto hit

And butted to pieces before it quit.

The while the Ambulance here and there

Collected specimens past repair.

Following close the Coppers grim

Who galloped to succor life and limb.

In the wake of the Gong that clamored

loud.

Quite paralyzing the luckless crowd

Upon the Avenue, nice and broad.

Along which hurtles, overawed,

A man who took, with an Owner's pride,

His post for the first inspiring ride

In the Automobile that Jones bought.

—Town Topics

Mother—Goodness! How did you

hurt your finger so? Little Son—With

a hammer. "When?" "A good while

ago." "I didn't hear you cry." "No,

mother. I thought you were out."

Just Think of It.

Tottie—Don't you think Mildred is of a very confiding nature? Lottie—Oh, yes. I know she has a way of unbosoming herself every evening. Tottie—Indeed! Lottie—Oh, yes. You know she pads!

Clearing Up.

Ragman—Any old bottles to sell? Janitor—Ring the third bell and tell Mr. Gayboy I sent you. I heard his wife was coming home from the country to-morrow.

The term "halcyon days" is derived from a pretty little fable of the Sicilians, who believed that during the seven days preceding and following the winter solstice, December 21st, the halcyon or kingfisher floated on the water in a nest in which her young were deposited, and that during this time the seas were calm. Our Indian summer corresponds to the halcyon of the Sicilians.

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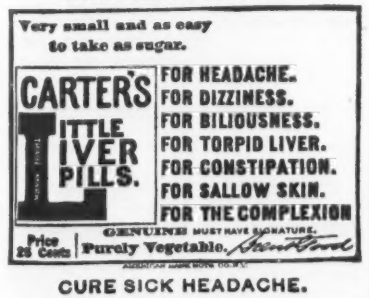
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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor

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The DRAMA

In the greatest contrast to Mam'selle 'Awkins is The Princess Chic, seen at the Grand this week. Mam'selle 'Awkins was in the class of musical comedy—though it was neither very musical nor very comical. The Princess Chic is a comic opera, and it is what it professes to be in both senses. Mam'selle 'Awkins could scarcely raise a titter except by being indecent. The Princess Chic is full of the most bubbling, uproarious fun, but has not a word or line from beginning to end that could be considered even remotely suggestive. It is a good example of the kind of music and the kind of comedy we all want on the stage—the kind we should insist on having.

Miss Sylvia, the new star, quite captivated all her audiences, and undoubtedly will be a bright luminary on the comic opera stage. She was four times called before the curtain on Monday night, and at last was obliged to make a little speech—which she did in such a gracious and winning way and with such sweetly chosen words as to take the gods by perfect storm. She has a sweet voice, a trim figure, bewitching eyes and great cleverness in acting. She throws Alice Nielsen, with whom she was formerly associated, quite in the shade as a soubrette prima donna.

The company boasts of four capital comedians—Joseph C. Miron, Walter A. Lawrence, Thos. C. Leary, and Neil McNeil. Agnes Paul is as pretty as a picture. Winfield Blake, in looks and deportment, is a convincing Charles the Bold. The company is backed up with a great wealth of beautiful costumes, scenery and properties.



Further reference to this charming opera, from a musical standpoint, is to be found on page 10, in Cherubino's department.

For up-to-date, nickel-plated, highly polished juggling, Kara, who appeared at Shea's this week, undoubtedly carries off the bell prize, and deserves the title he has assumed, of "greatest juggler in the world." Every one of his tricks, even the most difficult, is performed with such ease of manner and delightful nonchalance that one can almost fancy Kara doing the same things, from force of habit, as he walks in the streets or smokes his after-dinner cigar at his hotel. This week's programme at the pretty vaudeville house was provided by Fulgora's Stars. Almost every number was a hit. James and Lucy Allison's novel dances, Lewis and Ryan's absurdity, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman's pastoral sketch, Back Home, and the substitution trick of the Brothers Herne, are specially worthy of praise, but Polk and Kollins' banjo-playing was something to enthuse over, and to strut itself into one's very blood. Better banjo music has never been heard here.

I had not seen The Private Secretary till I saw it—or perhaps I should say him—at the Princess this week. So I was not in a position to make odious comparisons, even of a friendly nature. But I laughed and laughed and laughed, and everyone else did likewise. Miss Maynard, who was not in the cast, recited "Bobs" and "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and "On the Road to Mandalay." These things are a bit shopworn, but Miss Maynard looked charming, and was applauded quite heartily. "Do you know," people will sit for almost any old thing as a recitation, so long as the elocution is not too bad and the elocutionist is good looking.

The Golden State, with its mountains, its mines, its stage coaches, bowie knives, "guns," Greasers, and all the other romantic accessories of the days of '49, has never completely lost the hold it obtained on the popular imagination through the writings of Bret Harte and his school. One of Bret's best yarns is "M'liss," and it makes a captivating play, with pathos, comedy and blood and thunder thrown together in just about the right proportion. Miss Nellie McHenry was seen in this famous success of the late Annie Pixley's at the Toronto this week. She is an actress of some ability and promise in this kind of role; and she gave to the part a lot of "go" that sustained the interest where the weak work of some of her associates would have let it ooze away. Yuba Bill, Judge Beeswinger, and Juan Walters were the only other parts at all well played. The

trial scene, with Beeswinger on the bench, could scarcely have been as irresistibly funny in real life.

We often discuss the existence or non-existence of a real, all-wool, yard-wide and foot-thick Canadian literature, such as will not rust or ravel no matter how the critics pick at it, but I cannot remember any claim having been made to our possession of a genuine Canadian play such as has been, or can be, acceptably presented on the stage. The only attempt that I recall was a parody written by an Ottawa man now dead, on Her Majesty's Ship Pinalore. McDowell I think it was who played it, and it was quite a success. Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. Alexander Mackenzie were the two main characters, and some of the dialogue was very funny. Since Richard Carvel, Janice Meredith, and several other stories of the United States revolution have been successfully dramatized, why should not some Canadian aspirant for fame give us a play of the time of the old French regime, or of 1812, or of our own little rebellion of '37? Canada might do great things for a great play, and dramatists should not forget that we are neither so small nor so backward a nation as we once were.

The Return of Odysseus, the Greek play which is to be presented at the Grand Opera House on December 13, 14 and 15, under University auspices, is taken directly from the Odyssey, and the scenes and the language are reproduced exactly from the epic. The music has been written by composers who have made a special study of the existing fragments of ancient Greek music. The Delphic Hymn to Apollo will be given as a prelude by a chorus with flutes and harp.

Mrs. Agnes Knox Black gave her first lecture at the Conservatory School of Elocution on Saturday, October 27th. The subject, Imagination and Emotion in Art, gave Mrs. Black ample scope for the elaboration of her plea for the development of the emotions in education. The expediency of modern education was pointed out, and the true principles of art applied in a most convincing manner to the study of literature and music. The subject of the next lecture, Dramatic Art in Interpretation, gives promise of matter of general interest. It will be at the usual hour, 11.15, on Saturday morning, November 3rd.

Those people who were fortunate enough to attend Mr. H. N. Shaw's recital at the College of Music on Wednesday, October 24, have not yet done expressing their appreciation of the treat provided for them. Mr. Shaw is at home in readings from the classics, and even those who know him best were surprised at the dramatic force with which his selections were charged. The programme was lengthy and varied, and displayed Mr. Shaw's talent in every phase.

Even that great master of stage-craft, Sir Henry Irving, has been outdone, it is said, by Richard Mansfield in his production of Henry V. There are twenty-six changes of scenery, some of them, of course, simple drop-curtains, but there are many elaborate settings, with a wealth of detail and historical accessories. Among the striking pictures are the throne-room at Westminster, the quay at Southampton, the entrenchments at Harfleur, the battlefield of Agincourt, and the interior of the cathedral at Troyes. But the surpassing effect of the spectacle comes at the opening of the fifth act, in a scene conjured out of the suggestion in five lines of Shakespeare's prologue. It is a grand pageant, representing the welcome given the victorious monarch on his return from France, and it fills the stage with marching men-at-arms, civil dignitaries, and the personal attendants of royalty and the nobility, the populace crowding close upon them as they pass in review. There is a continual play of dumb show in which every supernumerary displays the result of careful training. There are shouts and cheers that come singly and in chorus, rising in volume suddenly and falling with odd yet measured cadence. And at the end, when the glittering parade has been passing for minutes, with gleaming armor and weapons and waving banners, a blaze of light and color, when girls in white have strewed the way with flowers, the king himself rides in and halts before Temple Bar, and the air trembles with the joyous huzzas of the multitude. No lines are spoken during the scene.

"Then you refuse to take me on?" pleadingly inquired the girl who thought she could act. "Certainly," retorted the manager, disdainfully, "go and get a reputation!" The poor girl took his advice.

She got married, divorced, horsewhipped by another woman on a public street, eloped with a millionaire's son, got \$25,000 from the old man to remove her hypnotic spell, and was arrested for racing her automobile against a trolley car—all within a year. She is now her adviser's leading lady.

Blanche Walsh's new play, Marcelle, is not a success, and it is doubtful if Miss Walsh will use it on tour. She is now rehearsing More than Queen. Marcelle has been unmercifully roasted by the New York critics. Lawrence Reamer condemns not only the work of the dramatist, but that of the actress, who, he says, has abandoned the self-contained, intelligent and tasteful style that led to the hope her natural talents might one day be highly developed, and is now guilty of the most exaggerated style of acting in every scene.

Henrietta Crosman, who played Mistress Nell at the Grand a few weeks ago, has made a most pronounced hit in this play everywhere she has gone. The critical New York public has accepted her as an actress of something like genius.

Etta Gilroy, well known to patrons of Shea's, is dead. She contracted a cold while playing on the Canadian circuit.

Helen Byron, formerly leading lady at the Princess, is playing in A Female Drummer, and has met with favorable press notices along the line of popular-priced theaters.

J. M. Colville, who played the Secretary of State with Kellard in The Cipher Code, has severed his connection with that company, and will at once begin a starring tour

in The Commander. Mr. Colville played John Storm in The Christian last year.

Olive Shreiner's Story of an African Farm is undergoing preparation for stage presentation at the instance of a manager—name withheld—who thinks his enterprise justified by the interest in South Africa which has resulted from the Boer war. The work is in the hands of a newspaper man, but who, we are assured, is fully competent to accomplish the task he has undertaken. The "dramatization" of a novel does not of any necessity bear any resemblance to the book, so no one may express any surprise if the stage version introduces the siege of Ladysmith and other modern improvements. It will be an astonishing example of forbearance if some excuse is not made for hawking in a cake walk, a Zulu ballet and a few coon songs.

Miss Evelyn Millard, the gifted actress of London, who refused lately to utter some objectionable lines, is, besides being perhaps the most popular actress in the metropolis, also one of the most beautiful women on the stage. Miss Millard is the daughter of the late Professor Millard, who was the leading teacher of elocution in the Royal Academy of Music, London, until his death, and whose works on elocution are the standard works in England today. Miss Millard, on entering on her professional career, studied voice production for more than two years daily with Herr Hugo Beyer, with such success that her naturally small, though pleasing voice, can now be distinctly heard in the remotest part of the largest theater. Mr. Ed. C. Wainwright, who has lately opened a studio in this city for voice culture, was so fortunate as to have had the privilege of studying under the same eminent specialist.

Next week, at local theaters: The Scribner show at Shea's, with Ezra Kendal as the headliner; Wm. A. Brady's Way Down East, at the Grand; Jim the Penman at the Princess; Dorothy Rossmore in Man's Enemy, at the Toronto.

Golf.

THE Rosedale team on Saturday last managed to recover some of its lost laurels in the return match with the Hamilton Club on the Rosedale links. The home team was 46 holes up, fifteen men a side, the score being 49-3. The only Hamilton men who scored for their side were E. H. Brown, 2 up on Ewing Perrie, and J. M. Young, 1 up on R. K. Sproule.

The Ladies' Association is quietly assuming form, and by the spring will doubtless be in a state of completion. Mrs. V. C. Brown, of Toronto, has the affairs of the Association well in hand.

The ladies of the Rosedale Club received a severe beating at the hands of the Ferndeals last week. The latter put up a strong team game.

Miss Whish, of Barrie, who is one of the coming players, negotiated the men's course at Rosedale last week in a startlingly low score, and defeated her male opponent by 2 up, even play. In the Interprovincial match, a few weeks ago, Miss Whish was 9 up on her opponent, Miss Ewan.

The club handicap at Rosedale is narrowing down, the winner of the Martin-Lyon match meeting Dr. Hood in the final this afternoon. The Doctor, by sterling play, not



THE TORONTO AND ROSEDALE PRO'S.

only won the championship, but has won through all the successive stages of the handicaps right up to the final.

George Cumming, the professional at the Toronto Club, is contemplating opening a golf academy in the city for the winter months, conducting it on the lines of similar institutions in the Old Land. No doubt the venture would prove remunerative. A player could well improve his form at the indoor game, the mirrored walls giving a vivid reflection of whatever shortcomings exist. The professional contends that he can bring a player along better in one indoor lesson than in half a dozen in the open. Cumming is acknowledged to be one of the best men that we have in the business as a player, coach and club maker. Though still a young man, he is thoroughly proficient in all the branches of the game. He learned his golf at the Bridge-o'-Weir, and came direct to Canada from Dumfries. His drives are long and clean, and it is at this department that he excels. His style is exceptionally good, every motion being perfectly free.

David Ritchie, the Rosedale professional, is too well known to need much description. He is a Divinity student, and in a few years will give up the royal and ancient game as a pursuit, and devote himself to his life work. He is of slighter build than Cumming, and though not so strong at the long game, is a perfect master of his iron. It will be interesting to see how Ritchie will be dealt with on his renouncing professionalism at golf and entering the Church. He will doubtless want to follow the game as a pastime, and he ought not to be debarred. The case is not without a precedent, as a United States professional has been reinstated in the amateur ranks.

Though the golf season is drawing to a close, the en-

thusiasm seems to be unabated. The Canadian links are thronged with both sexes, and on a recent Saturday, at the Franklin Park public course, Boston, 450 golfers negotiated the course.

Miss Frances Griscom, the United States champion, while abroad recently, improved her game very materially. She was schooled by old Tom Morris, and her win at Shinnecock Hills was largely due to this.

HAZARD.

Notes From the Capital.

It has been frequently remarked that in Ottawa, the very center of things political, less excitement is apparent on the eve of a general election than anywhere else throughout the Dominion. For rousing party feeling to its highest pitch, and getting up a real good political battle, the smallest town in any of the Maritime Provinces can outdistance Ottawa. Even in the smallest town of the smallest province, the "Island,"

as its people love to call it, party strife is worked up as it never is in Ottawa, and politics is the one absorbing topic of conversation for months ahead of the elections. The smaller the rat-pit the fiercer the fight. But it is really not that Ottawa is indifferent to the result; on the contrary, to many people here the result is of such vital importance that they prefer not to discuss it, and so in society as a rule politics are mentioned only in whispers. However, as the momentous day draws near, the men one meets in the streets have either a far-away, absent-minded beggar expression, or are deeply engaged in conversation with another man, or a group of men. One realizes, also, that there is going to be a hot time in this town on the 7th. Ottawa used to be a Conservative stronghold, when not to be a Tory and "in society" was almost unheard of. It was considered bad form to be "Grits," as they called them. Then Lady Macdonald reigned supreme in Ottawa, and invitations to Stadacona Hall, and later to Earncliffe, were made out from a list the chief quality of which was exclusiveness. Happily, society at the Capital has broadened, and the men who compose it—even the young men—form their own opinions, and are guided by their own judgments. Now there are as many Liberals as Conservatives in the ranks of the social elect—perhaps a greater number. We are to have another thrilling evening before the night when the returns come in; that is when the troops come marching home. Great preparations are going on to give a fitting welcome to our brave soldiers. The Parliament Buildings will be splendidly illuminated, and the owners of other large buildings in the principal streets will, no doubt, follow the good example of the Government, and light up their premises. It is one of those strikingly sad circumstances of life that the two men whose position requires them to take most prominent parts in the welcoming festivities, by whom, in fact, the chief arrangements are made, are two fathers whose sons are lying on the African veldt, shot by Boer bullets. Hon. Dr. Borden and Colonel Cotton gained universal respect by the brave way they bore their losses, laying aside personal feelings to continue public work. But undoubtedly these welcoming ceremonies will be trying for them, as the mere mention of them is to those who have lost dear ones in the war.

Last Saturday Lord and Lady Minto were present at the opening of the Department of Manual Training for Boys, which, through the generosity of Sir William Macdonald, has been started in connection with the Public schools. His Excellency read a long speech, his pleasant manner and voice making one forgive even a written speech, and one saw that he was very much in favor of the new departure in education. The Countess is immensely in favor of it—in fact it is one of her hobbies, if she may be said to possess any. She wants to go further, too, and have the girls taught manual training as well as the boys. There is a rumor that she went to Sir William Macdonald with her project, and that he refused to consider it. It is widely circulated—it may not be true—that the millionaire tobaccoist is a woman-hater, and in giving the money to equip the schools with material for this course, it is said he specially stipulated that it was only for boys. So, for the present at least, the girls are out of it. They need not despair, or waste time in envying their little brothers. From something in that written speech of the Governor-General's, one fancies Lady Minto has not given up her scheme just because Sir William Macdonald refused to assist in it, but that she is still thinking it out, and more firmly making up her mind to put it into action. Last Saturday afternoon the Boys' Brigade formed a guard of honor for His Excellency and Lady Minto. The rooms where manual training will be taught are in the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club, as there was not space enough in any of the Public schools. Three teachers, for whom Professor Robertson says he made a careful search in Great Britain, have been imported for the work of instruction. The carpenters' tables prepared for the youthful students are most fascinating things, and will make the boys wonder whether it is work or play.

The finals in the match for the championship of the Ottawa Ladies' Golf Club were played last Friday afternoon. The semi-finals had been between Mrs. Sidney Smith and Miss Florrie Swatland, Miss Lemoine and Mrs. Travers Lewis, and out of these the winners were Mrs. Sidney Smith and Miss Lemoine. Immense interest was taken in their match, for though Mrs. Smith was defending the championship, and is undoubtedly the best player in the club, Miss Lemoine has been playing in excellent form this season. So most of the lady golfers were on the links following the contestants. Mrs. Sidney Smith came out the winner, with three holes up and one to play, and so for another year is the champion Ottawa lady golfer and the owner of the beautiful diamond star which was presented to the club a year ago by Mr. Molyneux St. John. Should Mrs. Sidney Smith win this trophy next year again, it becomes her exclusive property.

On Friday afternoon of this week, the May Court Club will assemble in the hall of the Y.W.C.A. for the first lecture of the season, which will be given by Miss Oakley, of the Royal Victoria College, Montreal. Lady Minto has signified her intention of being present, and is expected to have a few words to say to the May Court girls, in whom she takes a great interest. There will be tea after the lecture.

AMARYLLIS.

A Story With Few Words.

Drawn for SATURDAY NIGHT by J. H. Holden.



Safe and Sound!



Carried Round!



Almost Drowned!



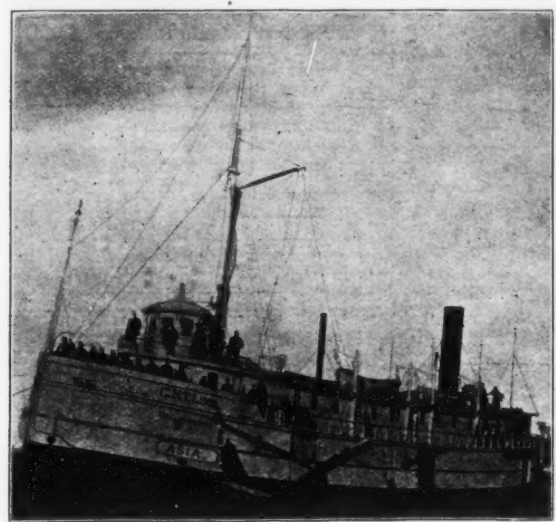
Propped and Bound.



The Wreck of the "Asia."

A Story Without a Parallel in Marine Annals.

WHO saved out of one hundred and thirty. Such is the appalling summary of the loss of life by the wreck of the propeller "Asia." That great disaster, entirely without parallel in the history of the Great Lakes, is still vividly remembered by thousands of Canadians who eagerly read its harrowing details in their newspapers on Monday morning, September 18, 1882. The occurrence was the topic of conversation in every corner of Canada. Following, as it did, close upon the loss of the "Simcoe," "Waubesa," "Jane Miller," "Manitoulin," and other vessels on Georgian Bay, the wreck of the "Asia" did more to give that body of water a bad name than all preceding disasters combined. There had been greater losses on our inland waters. The "Lady Elgin," which sank from a collision, on Lake Michigan, carried down 330 of the 400 beings on board, but the "Asia," buffeted by one of the wildest storms that ever fell upon an unseaworthy and overlaid vessel, provided a watery grave for every living creature she carried except one weak girl and a raw youth in his teens, who, after braving a hundred perils and suffering



THE STEAMER "ASIA."

untold miseries from hunger, exposure and mental anguish, drifted ashore in a boat filled with water and the dead bodies of strong men who had lost heart, lain down, and died.

The tale is simply told. When the "Manitoulin" was burned, the Great Northern Transit Company required a steamer to take her place on the route from Collingwood and Owen Sound to Sault Ste. Marie. They secured the "Asia." She was a canal-size propeller, and had been sunk in Lake George the season before by a collision, but was raised and repaired, placed on the route from Sarnia to Duluth, and in July taken to Georgian Bay. By sea-men she was not looked on as a very staunch craft, but as a makeshift she was made to do.

At one o'clock on Thursday morning, 14th September, 1882, she left Owen Sound, en route to the Sault, via French River, having a heavy cargo of horses and lumbering supplies for the latter place. She was laden down to the limit of her capacity, and her cabin was crowded, all the berths being full and many passengers lying on sofas and the cabin floor. All went well till morning. About eight o'clock it commenced to get rough. The sea increased, and the crew had to throw horses and freight overboard. Dishes and chairs were flying in every direction. The steamer would not obey her helm and got into the trough of the sea, every wave breaking over her. One great billow made a breach in her side; she listed over; water commenced to pour through her cabin. Though it was known that the ship was doomed, there seems to have been no panic—only the dull, stolid terror of men and women dazed by sudden disaster. Some of the passengers, it would seem, were never aware that death awaited them, but remained in their staterooms, tending sick children or wives. Those alert to the situation seized life-preservers, as far as they would go round, while the boats were made ready to launch. But, as often happens, these were overloaded or not properly equipped with oars; moreover, the sea was running mountains high, and so boat after boat was upset. In all directions the water was filled with men and women battling for dear life—many of them clinging to spars and fragments of wreckage.

About half-past eleven the "Asia," after laboring heavily for a long time in the trough of the sea, was struck by a mighty billow, and went down with her engines working.

The only one of the small boats to weather the storm was the captain's, which contained airtight compartments, and had at one time as many as eighteen persons on board.

Duncan A. Tinkis and Christy Ann Morrison, the only survivors of the disaster, were not at first in this boat. Mr. Tinkis was in another one, which upset. He swam to the captain's boat and was lifted in. Miss Morrison, when the steamer listed over for her final plunge, took hold of the rail and slid down into the water and sank. Coming up by the side of the captain's boat, she was lifted in by the captain and the mate (her cousin). This boat contained a couple of oars.

Its occupants saw two other boats upset twice, and each time the number of persons therein was largely reduced. For a short piece the three boats drifted together, whilst heart-rending appeals were made to those in the captain's boat for oars, but the captain had none to spare. One of the boats had but one oar, and the other none at all. Helpless in such a raging sea, they capsized again and again, and before they disappeared had shaken off the last of the poor wretches who clung to them. Finally, the captain's boat upset and both oars were lost. It was then at the mercy of the waves. Four times in all it capsized. The number of its occupants was reduced from eighteen to seven. Towards dark it got calmer, and the boat did not upset again. A floating oar was picked up, but no one had heart or strength to use it.

About five o'clock in the evening the mate, getting on his knees, looked out over the waters and cried "Land!" He struck up the old hymn, "Pull for the Shore, Sailor," and then "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye," and all joined in. Shortly after the last note died away, one of the seven, a gentleman from Sault Ste. Marie, lay down and died. Half an hour later the mate succumbed. Meanwhile the lighthouse off Byng Inlet had been sighted, but its cheering beacon was only a mockery to the poor souls who had no means of directing their course. All through that seemingly interminable night they drifted on. Towards morning the captain appeared to fall asleep. Young Tinkis shook him, and, evidently thinking he was on his steamer and was called to take his watch, the poor fellow mur-

mured, "Yes, I'll be up in a minute." A huge wave struck Tinkis from him, and a moment later the captain was dead. Thus, one by one, these hardy men, insured to exposure, surrendered, while the youth and the girl lived on.

Daylight revealed the shore close at hand. Tinkis took the oar and worked the boat landwards. It was a beautiful, clear morning. Shortly after sunrise the boat stranded on Point-au-Baril. Tinkis and his companion crawled out on the rocks, and attempted to walk inland, but were too weak. Tinkis took the bodies out of the boat and laid them tenderly on the shore beyond the reach of the breakers. Then he and his companion got in again and worked their way along towards a derrick they saw in the distance. But their progress was painfully slow. Dark coming on, they again landed, broke boughs for their beds, and slept. All this time they were without food. The third day dawned, and before sunrise they were again in the boat. It was now perfectly calm, but they were thoroughly exhausted, and after sculling a short distance, gave up in despair, went ashore, and again lay down on the rocks and slept. An Indian and his squaw came along in a boat and woke them up. The Indian said it was twenty-two miles to the nearest habitation, but agreed to take the almost dying castaways to Parry Sound in return for Tinkis' watch. He also gave them bread, pork, and cold tea, but they could hardly swallow. All four then embarked in the Indian's boat for Parry Sound.

When within only two miles of their destination, on Saturday, the unfeeling redskin camped for the night, despite the remonstrances of the two sufferers, who only reached Parry Sound at about ten o'clock Sunday morning, three days after the "Asia" went down. The Indian had refused to bring along the dead bodies, but these were afterwards recovered by a search party of whites. Several other bodies were found at different times along the shore, and for months all that portion of the great Bay was strewn with mournful relics of the wreck.

The survival of Mr. Tinkis and Miss Morrison was undoubtedly due to superior faith and will power rather than to great physical strength. They clung to life with the tenacity and courage of youth. "During all those terrible hours in the boat," said Tinkis, "when our companions were dying one by one, it never occurred to me that I should be compelled to succumb. I felt perfectly sure I should reach land safely. Miss Morrison appeared to be of the same mind, and kept up with a courage and determination almost entirely unheard of."

The laws of romance would have joined the partners



"THE 'ASIA' WAS STRUCK BY A MIGHTY BLOW AND WENT DOWN WITH HER ENGINES WORKING."

in such astonishing adventures as partners in the hum-drum experiences of everyday life. But men and women have a fashion of going contrary to the laws of romance. Duncan A. Tinkis lives at Little Current, Manitoulin Island, where he keeps a hotel, while Christy Ann Morrison is the wife of a farmer at Kilsyth, a village near Owen Sound.

The Young Philosopher.

"CYNICISM is a snide feeling of superiority," wrote the youth, painfully. "Gratitude is bought affection." "Grown up people spend too much of their time being smart. They never learn anything by being so cunning and prudent." "Grown up people tease your moral nature, and make you growl. Any fool can look after his own soul if he's not hungry." "The opinions of some people are as tyrannical as their actions. Can't you leave a fellow's opinions alone?" "I would back my convictions against any amount of other people's experience, and I'm always going to." "Experience is what lots of people mistake for knowledge. It is the rubbish that chokes up the spring of faith and self-confidence. That's straight."

"Being lazy is one thing, and not doing as you're told is another."

"Doing as you're told is one thing, and being clever is also another, and don't you forget it."

"Never say 'I can't,' say 'I won't.' It fosters self-esteem."

"If a fellow calls you an ass, never take the trouble to argue about it. Of course I refer to the habit older people have of alluding to a junior's weak points. The best way is to look rather blasé and tired. Another way is to smile indulgently and start talking about something else. I have never tried either."

"When the gov'nor tells tales of how men have started out as messenger boys and have ended up as railroad managers, don't feel discouraged because you aren't a messenger boy. You will probably either have riches thrust upon you or else you will get to be captain of a football team, without riches."

"Always evade any enquiries as to what you want to be when you are a man. Your replies may be used against you when you are at college."

"Never say how you would kill Boers or Chinamen if you were a soldier. It is liable to make all your big sisters say bitter things about your courage and size."

"Never get fond of your sister's beau, even if he is a sport. She will be jealous, and will discourage your attentions."

"Always suspect treason when your sister asks questions about your chum. Keep him away, or you'll probably lose him forever."

The writer arose and stretched his cramped arms.

"I'm afraid the teacher'll give me fits for that composition. She will want to know where I got them, but I will remind her that she hollered for maxims, not quotations. I wonder if I'm as smart as I feel sometimes!"

"Art," sadly remarked the poet, "is decaying." "You are right," responded the editor, "most of it is pretty rotten, I tell you."

The Race With the Blue Wolf's Pack.

THE following is an extract taken from W. A. Fraser's great story, Mooswa, and illustrates the author's wonderfully vivid style:

Silver Fox had been caught in a trap, and the big-hearted Moose, in order to keep Francois the Trapper away until the Fox could make his escape, approached the shack in the morning, and of course Francois, forgetting everything but the Bull Moose, started in pursuit. By arrangement, the Blue Wolf with his pack were to meet the tired Moose at the Pelican Portage.

The dusk was beginning to settle down as Mooswa struck straight for the Pelican Portage, though it was only four o'clock in the afternoon. Would Blue Wolf be there to turn back the pursuer? If by any chance his comrade missed, what a weary struggle he would have next day with the blood-thirsty Breed over on his trail. As Mooswa neared the Portage, a low, whimpering note caught his ear. Then another answered close by, and another, and another joined in, until the woods rang with a fierce chorus—it was the Wolf-pack's Call of the Killing.

"Wh-i-m-m-p! Wh-i-m-m-p! buh-h! buh-h! buh-h! O-o-o-o-h-h! O-o-o-o-h-h! Bl-o-o-d!! Bl-o-o-o-o-d!!!" That was the Wolf-cry, sounding like silvery music in the ears of the tired Moose.

"Hungry, every one of them!" he muttered. "If Francois stumbles, or sleeps, or forgets the Man-look for a minute, Rof's pack will slay him." Then he coughed asthmatically, and Blue Wolf bounded into the open, shaking his shaggy coat.

"Safe passage, Brothers, for Mooswa," he growled, with authority; "also no killing for the Hunt-man, for the hunt is of our doing."

Francois heard the Wolf-call too, and a chill struck his heart. Night was coming on, he was alone in the woods, and in front of him a Pack of hungry Wolves. Turning, he glided swiftly over the back-trail.

"The Kill-Call, Brothers," cried Rof, his sharp eyes



W. A. FRASER.

A Word to Prophets.

THE following forecast of the general elections, written for the Halifax "Bluenose," by a gentleman who does not take an active part in politics, but studies the political situation from all points of view and with the greatest impartiality possible, will be of great interest at this time. His opinion that the Government will be sustained is not prompted by any strong party feeling. While it is not necessarily correct because unbiassed, still it has more force than opinions made by partisans. It will be interesting to refer back to this article after November 7th and see how nearly it comes to being a correct forecast.

Before attempting to foretell the future, glance at the past.

According to the Montreal "Star's" list of majorities in the latest contests for seats in the House of Commons, we find Liberals and Conservatives elected by the following majorities:

	Lib.	Con.
Over 600—		
Ontario	13	7
Quebec	22	1
East and West	6	6
	-41	-14
400-600—		
Ontario	7	6
Quebec	5	2
East and West	4	5
	-16	-13
100-400—		
Ontario	18	18
Quebec	13	8
East and West	12	8
	-43	-34
Under 100—		
Ontario	11	9
Quebec	10	3
East and West	6	8
	-27	-20

For the purposes of averages, East and West may be grouped together. If the Conservatives expect much from the West, the Liberals are just as confident of great gains in New Brunswick. West of Port Arthur seventeen members are returned. New Brunswick sends fourteen. Furthermore, this grouping divides the country into three fairly large and more nearly equal groups, thus strengthening the law of averages.

If constituencies carried by acclamation or majorities exceeding 600 are considered as comparatively safe, those carried by from 400 to 600 as highly probable, those by from 100 to 400 as probable, and those by less than 100 as doubtful, we find the parties stand as follows:

	Lib.	Con.
Seats—		
"Safe"	41	14
"Highly Probable"	16	13
"Probable"	43	34
	100	61
Doubtful	27	20

The Independents, numbering 5, are at least 3 to 2 favorable to the Government.

To win, the Conservatives must carry nearly every constituency marked "doubtful." Can this be done?

The great changes of '74, '78, and '96 were preceded by intense feeling. In '74 the Pacific scandal raised the storm. In '78 trade depression inclined the people to trust the promises of the National Policy. In '96 the bungling of the Manitoba School Question by the Conservatives and the French-Canadians' admiration for Laurier wrought the change. To-day the only strong forces at work are the French-Canadians' love for Laurier, and the contentment that exceptional prosperity has brought. The Contingent agitation is as dead as the School Question. The railway row and the scandal alarms seem to be entirely local in their effects. There is no fear of and no desire for great changes in trade policy.

Besides these things making against a great overthrow, it is well to remember that east of Port Arthur, that is, where 196 out of the 213 constituencies are, the Provincial Parliaments are Liberal. This means more to-day than it has meant before, for the Federal House is elected on the same lists.

Unless some entirely unexpected gust of passion strikes the country, there is little reason for expecting sweeping changes. Even if great things happen in the West, the Conservatives have to change a hostile vote of 2 to 1, and when that is done the change affects only 17 seats.

The other Conservative hope is Ontario; but is a Liberal majority of 9 (to say nothing of Independents who have voted with the Government) likely to be converted into a Conservative majority sufficient to offset the Liberal majority of 37 in Quebec?

When we come east to Prince Edward Island we find 3 Liberals to 2 Conservatives and no signs of great changes.

In New Brunswick, where Governments seldom meet with a chilling reception, the Liberals are practically sure of Kings, Victoria, York and Queens, and expect the French constituencies of Gloucester and Kent, with Restigouche, to side with Laurier. Their chances in St. John, Westmoreland and Albert are better than their opponents', though in Northumberland, and perhaps Carleton and Charlotte, the Conservatives have the better chance. If the Conservatives win more than five seats in New Brunswick, they will surprise themselves as much as their opponents.

In Nova Scotia the great prosperity of the mining industry means more for the Government than for the Opposition. This will affect more than the three double-barrelled constituencies in which the Conservatives place their hopes. If the Conservatives carry more than three seats in the single constituencies, they will be fortunate.

In all probability personal considerations will play a more prominent part than in the last election. These are the guesses of an ONLOOKER.

Confucian Analects.

(From the Chinese).

Like cypress-leaves and pine that come to stay,
Friendships there are that never fade away.
The man who up to forty years has grown
Is little worth if he is still unknown.

Where laws are good and equal in a place,
He who stays poor incurs deserved disgrace;
But when the government is full of blame,
To roll in wealth is certainly a shame.

Be not too liberal with your "musts" and "nays,"
For doubt may rise and your best thoughts displace;
Be chary also of too many "I's"—
For egotists are hardly ever wise.

Most men hold beauty very rare and dear,
But halt at virtue, which is more austere;
The first enslaves us by its loveliness,
And yet the last should not be thought of less.

Though the fine graces and great gifts of Chow*
Your person and your character endow,
The broom of justice sweeps them all aside
If they promote in you unholy pride.

*The name of the head of a much venerated Chinese dynasty.

Their Way.

Female Lawyer (hysterically)—I won't submit to such an outrageous decision. I shall appeal! The Judge—But, my dear madam, this is the court of final appeal. "I don't care what it is! I'm going to appeal, anyhow, so there!"

Some Popular Fallacies.

(From "Hocus-Pocus," a Journal of the Home.)

It is indeed difficult to conceive how such totally unwarranted ideas ever obtain the slightest credence, not to say become accepted almost universally as the most undeniable truths.

Take, for instance, the popular fable of "Washington crossing the Delaware," an episode that has been celebrated in song and story, and even perpetuated in the pigments of presumably well-informed painters.

Now, reference to any school history of the United States will show that the American forces were led on that occasion by a man named Higgins, Ahenobarbus J. Higgins. True, there was a party named Washington in the army at the time, in the command, probably, but his only known claim to distinction lay in his rigid economy, it being said of him that he could make a dollar go further than any other man of his day.

Consider the immense amount of slush that has gone into circulation concerning the Duke of Wellington and the battle of Waterloo.

"Up Guards, and at 'em!" and all that sort of rot. The fact is that any French or German schoolboy will tell you that Wellington was not in the battle at all, being occupied at the time in composing a round-robin in an ale-house at Brussels. When informed some days later that a battle had been fought and Napoleon vanquished, he refused to believe it and gave the matter absolutely no credence until he read the accounts in the London "Times."

Another aged and well-known piece of falsification is the time-honored story of Hannibal leading his army over the Italian Alps.

Strange as it may seem, there are hundreds of people that believe firmly to the present day in the colossal yarn. Travellers in Italy know only too well that there are no Alps, were no Alps, and never have been Alps. The country is as flat as a pine board and overflooded like a lot of Arkansas bottoms, and if Hannibal ever did any travelling in those parts it was by canal-boat or scow.

A prominent case in question, and one that has been much discussed recently, is the well-known episode of Barbara Frietche. Now, putting aside all the twaddle that has been written about this character, it has been finally and conclusively proven—

1. That she could not have waved a flag, being ninety-six years old and be-l-ridden.

2. That she was born in Hunts, O., Briggsville, Me., and Veracity, Pa.; was never outside the town limits of her native place in her life, it being consequently a physical impossibility for her to have participated in any doings in Frederick, Md.

3. That there never was a Barbara in the Frietche family. Her name was Mary Ann.

4. That there was no Frietche family. The name was Hoogan.

5. That Stonewall Jackson was never in Frederick. During this period he was teaching school at Honea Path, S.C.

6. That there is no such town as Frederick on the map, and never has been. The name is Jones's Falls.

7. That Jackson did not interfere at all. The soldiers did fire on her, but could not hurt her, she being a Christian Scientist.

8. That there wasn't any war.

But, in spite of facts and proofs and data, many folk will doubtless continue these fallacious beliefs to the end of time.

William Tell was a myth; Paul Revere's ride was a fizzle; his automobile breaking down inside the city limits; Thermopylae was a creation of the press censor, merely; and Dewey was never really a candidate.

And so the native hue of tradition is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fact. It would indeed seem difficult to conceive how these fallacies ever obtain a start and go down to history as assured truths.—W. S. Adkins, in "Puck."

"Noblesse Oblige."

A pretty story is told of the late Duchess of Teck, who from her childhood was a favorite representative of royalty to the English people. When she was a young girl some action which she thought unworthy of her birth was suggested to her.

"No," she said, smiling, "I am the Princess Mary of Great Britain and Ireland. And"—touching her breast—"I feel it here."

Among royal families, it is said, the Swedish sovereigns, descendants of Jean Bernadotte, most strongly insist upon the high duty which the king owes to his rank. Noblesse oblige was taught to all the sons of Oscar I. by

their father, as the chief rule of their lives.

One day, says the author of "Cameos and Curios of Court Life," the king was driving with his son Charles, when a poor boy attracted the attention of the prince.

"Let me throw a franc to that fellow, father," he pleaded.

"You may hand him a franc; you must not throw it to him. He, too, may be a prince some day."

Prince Charles was anxiously trained by his mother, the Princess Josephine, in the highest code of good manners. One day she found him loitering at full length on the sofa.

"That is not a becoming way of taking your ease," she said.

The boy's eyes twinkled. "But, mamma," he said, "I learned this attitude from Herr Bostrom"—his tutor.

The princess was silenced for a moment. Then she said, "When you are as learned and good a man as Herr Bostrom you may do as he does, but not before."

One day the sentry on duty barred the way to the prince into a courtyard which was absolutely interdicted to the royal children.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, in a fury.

"You are Prince Charles, but I cannot let you pass," said the man, firmly.

"Then you make sure of your twenty-five, according to law!" and the boy ran to his father, demanding that the man should have twenty-five lashes, the usual punishment for insulting a member of the royal family.

"Here," said the king, "are as many riksdaalers. Give them to him for doing his duty."

Prince Charles carried them to the sentry. "Here are the twenty-five, as I promised you," he said. The soldier bowed low, but there was a twinkle in his eye and in that of the prince which showed that they both understood.



The Owl—Hoot! Hoot! Sandy Dobson—Hoot, mon! Sure that's Duncan McClaron's. I'd ken his voice on-a-were.

A Strange Case.

Eye Trouble Which Developed Into Running Sores.

Doctors Said It Was Consumption of the Blood, and Recovery Was Looked Upon as Almost Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Wrought a Cure.

From the "Herald," Georgetown, Ont.

Our reporter recently had the pleasure of calling on Mr. William Thompson, paper maker, at Williamstown, Ont., a well known and respected citizen of our town, for the purpose of acquiring the details of his son's long illness and his remarkable recovery through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Thompson kindly gave us the following information, which will speak for itself: "About two and a half years ago my eldest son, Garnet, who is fifteen years old, took what I supposed to be inflammation in his left eye. He was taken to a physician, who advised me to take him to an eye specialist, which I did, only to find out that he had lost the sight of the eye completely. The disease spread from his eye to his wrist, which became greatly swollen, and was lanced no less than eleven times. His whole arm was completely useless, although he was not suffering any pain. From his wrist it went to his foot, which was also lanced a couple of times, but without bringing relief. The next move of the trouble was to the upper part of the leg, where it broke out, large quantities of matter running from the sore. All this time my boy was under the best treatment I could procure, but with little or no effect. The trouble was pronounced consumption of the blood, and I was told by the doctors that you would not come across a case like it in five hundred. When almost discouraged, and not knowing what to do for the best, a friend of mine urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saying that he had a son who was afflicted with a somewhat similar disease and had been cured by the pills. I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and secured some of them at the drug store, and after my boy had taken two boxes I could see the color coming back to his sallow complexion and noted a decided change for the better. He went on taking them and in a few months from the time he started to use them I considered him perfectly cured and not a trace of the disease left except his blind eye, the sight of which he had lost before he started to use the pills. He has now become quite fleshy, and I consider him one of the healthiest boys in the community. If any person is desirous of knowing the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills you may direct them to me, as I can highly recommend them to any person afflicted as my boy was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

A Rare Kind of Disciple.

"Outlook."

Merely as a novelist Tolstoy would probably never have attained any considerable vogue with English readers; but his exoteric writings have found a wider public, especially "My Religion." A distinct, if small, body of people explicitly take him for their leader, and one or more settlements are founded upon purely Tolstoyan principles. One instance of the direct influence of his teaching may be mentioned. A man in receipt of an excellent salary, with no means of support outside that salary, suddenly determined to put the theories of Tolstoy to the test in his own person. He disbelieved in the whole present system of economics and determined to divorce himself entirely from it. He started by throwing up his situation. "I may have to go barefoot," he said to his friends, "and beg for a crust, but I cannot help that. All I know is that I am impelled to take this course."

Whether I am wrong or right I can only discover by the test of actual experience. And this was a keen man of business, with no symptom of the fanatic about him. We do not hear of many such disciples.

His Amendment.

Years ago a bill entitled "An Act for the Preservation of the Heath Hen and Other Game" was introduced into the New York House of Assembly.

The speaker of the house, who was not especially interested in matters of this kind, gravely read it, "An Act for the Preservation of the Heathen and Other Game."

He was blissfully unconscious of his blunder until an honest member from the northern part of the state, who had suffered from the depredations of the frontier Indians, rose to his feet.

"I should like to move an amendment to the bill," he said, mildly, "by adding the words, 'except Indians.'"

True to the Name.

The group on the front porch was discussing the merits and demerits of the house dog, a magnificent animal that lay basking in the sun.

"Have you any idea," asked one of the guests, "why he is called a 'Great Dane'?"

"Yes," slowly replied the owner of the dog. "It has always seemed to me that it must be because it is such a great 'dign' for him to notice any smaller animal."

A young woman with a pug nose turned it up slightly at this explanation, but there were no other signs of dissent.

The Making of Aphorisms.

The public has a way of making its own proverbs by seizing upon some phrase in a writer and giving it an aphoristic turn. "Truth," it is supposed, may bear all lights, and one of those principal lights or natural viewpoints by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition, is ridicule itself." So Shaftesbury wrote.

But the form was too long, and the public set to work, finally turning the thing out as "ridicule is the test of truth." This is neat, no doubt; but has the thought been kept intact?

"Our Only General."

Brown—Who is the general most talked about just now, Jones? Jones—Of course, Lord Roberts. "No, guess again," "Sir Redvers Buller or French." "Wrong again. You must know." "Well, then, Lord Kitchener." "Out of it. Quite out of it," Jones (angrily). Then I give it up. Who is it? Brown (triumphant)—General Election!

You Know How It Is.

When you find the coffee scalding, and no laces in your shoes.

When you've but ten minutes left to catch your train;

When you leave the household started at the energy you use,

As you rush without your coat into the rain.

Oh, then is the time that you bless the day

When the suburbs enticed you to travel that way!

When you reach the station breathless, and under inquiry find

That the train has just been signalled "very late!"

When you suddenly remember that you've left your keys behind,

And you wonder whether to go back or wait—

Oh, then is the time you resolve with a frown,

To remove from the suburbs, and go back to town!

A Neat Finale.

Mr. R. G. Knowles, the "American" comedian, at one of his performances in Hull, had already responded to numerous calls from a delighted audience and was, as a final effort, "philosophizing" in his usual inimitable manner, when a baby in the back part of the amphitheater commenced crying in a particularly distressing way. "R. G." stopped short, looked annoyed, and commenced again, but all to no purpose; the baby was "one too many," even for him. At last, after some two or three other futile attempts to continue, he turned what promised to be a disappointing ending into a very neat and successful finale by exclaiming: "Some things are like good resolutions—they should be carried out!" Then he made his exit, amid roars of laughter.

Saved Her the Trouble.

"Do I make myself plain?" asked the angular lecturer on "Woman's Rights," stooping in the middle of her discourse. "You don't have to, mum," replied a voice from the rear. "Providence done it for you long ago."

In a Cheap Restaurant.

Grump—Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat? Walter—We hain't anxious about the religion of our customers, sir!

What Causes Deafness.

The Principal Cause is Curable, But Generally Overlooked.

Many things may cause deafness, and very often it is difficult to trace a cause. Some people inherit deafness. Acute diseases like scarlet fever sometimes cause deafness. But by far the most common cause of loss of hearing is catarrh of the head and throat.

A prominent specialist on ear troubles gives as his opinion that nine out of ten cases of deafness are traced to throat trouble; this is probably overstated, but it is certainly true that more than half of all cases of poor hearing were caused by catarrh.

The catarrhal secretion in the nose and throat finds its way into the Eustachian tube and by clogging it up very soon affects the hearing and the hardening of the secretion makes the loss of hearing permanent, unless the catarrh which caused the trouble is cured.

Those who are hard of hearing may think this a little far fetched, but anyone at all observant must have noticed how a hard cold in the head will affect the hearing and that catarrh, if long neglected, will certainly impair the sense of hearing and ultimately cause deafness.

If the nose and throat are kept clear and free from the unhealthy secretions of catarrh, the hearing will at once greatly improve, and anyone suffering from deafness and catarrh can satisfy themselves on this point by using a fifty-cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a new catarrh cure, which in the past year has won the approval of thousands of catarrh sufferers as well as physicians, because it is in convenient form to use, contains no cocaine or opiate, and is as safe and pleasant for children as for their elders.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets is a whole-some combination of Blood root, Guaiacum, Eucalyptol and similar antiseptics and they cure catarrh and catarrhal deafness by action upon the blood and mucous membrane of the nose and throat.

As one physician aptly expresses it: "You do not have to draw upon the imagination to discover whether you are getting benefit from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; improvement and relief are apparent from the first tablet taken."

All druggists sell and recommend them. They cost but fifty cents for full sized package, and any catarrh sufferer who has wasted time and money on sprays, salves and powders will appreciate to the full the merit of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

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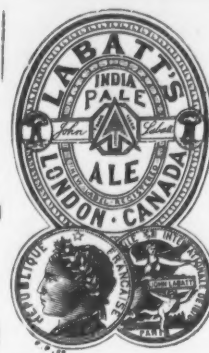
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Labatt's
(LONDON)
INDIA PALE ALE

The Malt and Hops used are the finest that skill and money can secure. A prime favorite.

AT GROCERS, CLUBS AND HOTELS

...THE...

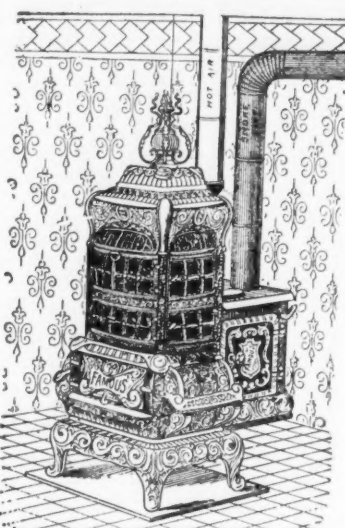
OXOL

Fluid Beef Company's Preparations

contain such a large percentage of nutritious matter, and are so palatable that Invalids can take them for weeks without other nutritious food, and by their uses regain health, strength and vitality.

Sold by all Druggists and Grocers.

Oxol Fluid Beef Company, Montreal



Decrease the Coal Bill and Increase Your Comfort by using a

Famous Baseburner

Three sizes without Oven. Two sizes with oven. Every stove a double heater.

One third more heating surface than any other. Fire passes through three flues, while other stoves have only two, and thus securing one third more heat from the same fuel. Parlor stoves draw the cold air off the floor.

Removable firepot; flat or duplex grates; removable nickel jackets. The oven bakes perfectly.

You run no risk, we guarantee them.

The handsomest Baseburner in Canada

Pamphlet free

from our local agent or our nearest house.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER.

THE McCLARY MFG. CO.

footballers will be over, and you will never see your portraits in the "Football Star." These hints, it must be remembered, are for footballers in embryo. Later on I may extend my courteous and generous information to those who are in the sore and yellow stage, so to speak, of football's fitful fever—"Pick-Me-Up."

McNab Fears Exposure.

Gavin McNab, a well-known San Franciscan, is an exceptional Scotchman for more reasons than one. The principal one is that he can appreciate a joke without a surgical operation. And he is no ordinary wit himself. Meeting a friend the other day who proceeded to josh him about the "Examiner" cartoons of himself in Highland costume, he remarked:

"The 'Examiner' I fear, will soon be making a horrible exposure of me."

"Do you think so?" he was asked.

"Yes," he replied, "that cartoonist is making my kilts shorter every day."

Heavy Baby.

The baby was his first, and he wanted to weigh it.

"It's a bumper!" he exclaimed. "Where are the scales?"

The domestic hunted up an old-fashioned pair that had come down from a former generation.

The baby, wrapped in the fleecy folds of some light fabric, was suspended from the hook.

"I'll try it at eight pounds," he said, sliding the beam to that figure.

"It won't do. She weighs ever so much more than that."

He slid the weight along several notches further.

"By George!" he said. "She weighs more than 10 pounds! Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen! Is it possible?"

He set the baby and scales down,

and rested himself for a moment. "Biggest baby I ever saw!" he panted, resuming the weighing process. "Fifteen and a half—sixteen. This thing won't weigh her! See! Sixteen is the last notch, and she jerks it up like a feather. Go and get a big pair of scales at some neighbor's. I'll bet a tinner that she weighs over twenty pounds!"

"Mille!" he shouted, rushing into the next room, "she's the biggest baby in this country! Weighs over sixteen pounds!"

"What did you weigh her on?" enquired the young mother.

"On the scales in the kitchen."

"The figures on those are only ounces," she replied quietly. "Bring me the baby, Joan."

Doctor—Good morning, Mr. Lover. What can I do for you? Mr. Lover—

I—I called, sir, to—ask for the hand of—of your daughter. "Humph! Appetite good!" "Not very." "How is your pulse?" "Very rapid when—when I am with her; very feeble when away."

"Troubled with palpitation?" "Awfully, when I think of her." "Take my daughter. You'll soon be cured. Five dollars, please."

Don't, young ladies, who patronize this sprightly page of SATURDAY NIGHT, don't say, quarrel with me for intruding upon you with my stupid advertisement. Even as the stupid old turkey puffs himself out before his admiring hens and makes them believe that his feathers are the finest, so would I wish it to be believed that my puff is not a puff, and more particularly by the gentle sex whose paper I invade. Barney!

says the Irishman, but there is no blarney about it when I tell you that the old Comendador is particularly suitable to avoid illness, and therefore to a certain extent may be puffed as a skin purifier. Ask your father to buy it and take just a little of it after your meals. Flame me if it does not make you happy. I think you will like it; but if you take a serious interest in any particularly nice young fellow, give him some, it will give him more pluck. My own experience, hah, hah.

The Position of the Family Physician

In the household is usually more intimate than that of the most of one's relatives. Everybody in the house has confidence in what he says, and he studies the family's best interests in all matters pertaining to their health.

If you are in doubt as to the reliability and general usefulness of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt,

ask your family physician who is acquainted with the action and principles of this delightful and useful preparation.

The many recommendations which the proprietors have received from prominent doctors prove that the statements the Company make are correct.

A pamphlet explaining the many uses of this fine preparation will be mailed free on application to The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., Limited, Montreal. For sale by all druggists, 25c and 60c a bottle.

For HARDWOOD FLOORS LINOLEUMS and OIL CLOTHS

...We recommend...

Johnson's
Floor Wax and Polishing Brushes.

Try the Powdered Wax for Dancing Floors.

The E. HARRIS Co., Limited
71 and 73 KING ST. EAST

Our Ornamental Glass

for dwellings is widely adopted owing to its superior finish and suitability of design.

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Robt. McCausland Co.

LIMITED

87 KING ST. W., TORONTO

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Four Notable Books

Each is the best of its kind and all deserve to be popular.

The books which we are now placing in such quantities from Halifax to Victoria are of four classes. There is an animal book; a beautiful love story; a remarkable religious novel; and, to be quite in the spirit of the times, a political novel.

The Animal Book is W. A. Fraser's "Mooswa"

And Others of the Boundaries" and marks a long step by its author up the ladder of fame.

It is not a bit like Kipling. They both write of animals, that's the only similarity. Esop also wrote of animals, and yet Kipling cannot be accused of "sinking his individuality" and copying Esop.

There are chapters in "Mooswa" that for vigor of style and power of description have never been excelled. Arthur Heming, the artist, has established his reputation by the twelve drawings in "Mooswa." He now lives in New York and cannot begin to take on all the commissions offered by publishers for animal illustrations.

The cover design by Mr. Gordon is superb.

The name of Mrs. Humphry Ward is familiar to every intelligent reader of good, wholesome fiction. Mrs. Ward has just written a book which many consider her greatest work. It is called

"Eleanor"

It appeared serially in Harper's Magazine and attracted a great deal of attention. 65,000 copies were sold before day of publication.

There have been plenty of religious novels and novels "with a purpose" written, but we venture to say that none has provoked the discussion and aroused the general public to the same extent as the

"Master Christian"

By Marie Corelli.

It has been called by many eminent men "untruthful," "uninteresting," "weak," "immoral," "exaggerated," and Corelli's "least important work," while others equally eminent, such as Joseph Parker, of London, England, say "it is truthful," "it is interesting," "it is strong," "it is moral," "it is not exaggerated," and "it is her most important work."

All very interesting commercially to the publisher.

Everybody reads Anthony Hope, and

"Quisante"

would have sold well even if published a year ago, when no elections were pending, but just now this strong political novel, which many good judges consider is Mr. Hawkins' best work, is enjoying a quite extraordinary boom.

"Mooswa," cloth gilt, \$1.50 net.
"Eleanor," paper, 75c; cloth, \$1.50; illustrated two-volume holiday edition, blue and gold, \$3.00 net.
"The Master Christian," paper, 75c; cloth, \$1.25; cloth gilt, \$1.50.
"Quisante," paper, 75c; cloth, \$1.25; cloth gilt, \$1.50.

WILLIAM BRIGGS
TORONTO.

Social and Personal.

Miss Powell, Major street, and Miss Hamilton, Close avenue, assisted by Miss Bertha Golding and Messrs. George Isaacs, Arthur Rankin, Warren Kleiser, Lugsdin, Leach, Hamilton and Ritchie, gave an entertainment for the boys of the Industrial School at Mimico on Friday evening of last week, and were afterwards the guests of Mr. Ferrier of the School at supper.

Mrs. H. Wright of Tyndall avenue entertained at afternoon euchre on Wednesday, October 24, in honor of her sister, Mrs. J. Wesley Platten of New York. It was quite an impromptu affair, as Mrs. Platten and family only remained here two days on their way home, after a very enjoyable stay at Port Cockburn, Muskoka. Among those present were Mrs. S. Black, Mrs. Hepburn, Mrs. Sims, Miss Sims, Mrs. (Dr.) McMahon, Mrs. C. A. Bender, Mrs. McLeod, Miss English, Mrs. Hannon, Mrs. Higman, Miss Poole, Miss Hannon, Mrs. G. T. Little, Mrs. W. G. Bender, Mrs. Brown, Miss Morton, Miss Dora Morton and Miss Emily Morton and others. Mr. and Mrs. Platten are now in Washington, and intend going further south before returning to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Noel Marshall are at present in New York, where they have gone to meet their cousin, Col. I. W. A. Marshall, who has been in command of the troops in Bermuda. The Colonel has been ordered to West Africa, and his wife will spend the winter with Mrs. Noel Marshall, at her home, 98 Smith street.

On October 24 Mrs. Andrew H. Reid received for the first time in her new home, 12 Roxborough street west. In the pink and green drawing-room palms and masses of pink roses repeated the tones of the decorations, and Mrs. Reid received, assisted by Miss Mary Willson, her mother, Mrs. Dixon, and Mrs. Reid. In the tea room a dainty table was spread. The centerpiece, on which was a great vase of flowers, was the work of the bride's grandmother. Mrs. P. L. Mason presided at the tea-urn, and was assisted by Miss Margaret Reid, Miss Agnes Barron, Miss Bertha Mason and Miss Aliceen Mason. Mrs. Reid looked charming in a handsome black lace gown over pink silk, with a transparent yoke of embroidered white mousseline de sole, and touches of pink velvet.

Captain and Mrs. Kingsmill arrived home on Sunday and have since been welcomed and called upon with a heartiness accentuated by the knowledge that they are to be soon on their way to the Antipodes. Their flying visit to Toronto has not given their friends much time to enjoy seeing them before it is "Adieu" to the sailor bridegroom and his bonnie bride. On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore gave a dinner in honor of the bride and groom, and Miss Kingsmill gave a tea at her home in Yorkville avenue on the afternoon of the same day in honor of her new relative.

Mrs. W. Mulock, Jr., who has been quite ill with nervous prostration, has been spending some weeks at Atlantic City, and returned home a fortnight since, quite better for the change.

Mr. Joseph Montgomery, B.A., a well-known graduate of Toronto University of the class of '95, who has had charge of an important legal practice at St. Thomas, has returned to Toronto to reside, having entered into a partnership with Mr. Harry Symons, Q.C.

Several of the young men always most "en vogue" at the Yacht Club Monday hops were much missed last Monday, they having been tempted by "les beaux yeux" of Hamilton's fair ones to desert Toronto and attend the charming dance given by Mrs. Barnes at the Royal Hotel in the Ambitious City. However, cavaliers were left in plenty for the very pretty dance on our bay-side.

Fall Overcoatings

The popularity of soft materials for overcoatings is more marked this season than heretofore. Blacks and greys are the most in demand.

We are showing them in every desirable design, besides we have not neglected Beavers, Meltons and Coverts.

If you purpose buying an overcoat let us show you our range.

POPULAR PRICES

FRANK BRODERICK & CO.,
109 King St. West.

L. Herbert Luke

INSURER OF
MARRIAGE LICENSES
8 a.m. to 6 p.m., 156 Yonge St. Evenings at 63 Borden St.

A Question Answered

If the Pianola enables those who have absolutely no musical knowledge, to play the piano, of what interest is it to those who ARE able to play?



The
Mason
& Risch
Piano Co.
LIMITED
32 King St. West

There has been little attempt at explanation as to how the Pianola is operated, the principal object of this article being to show the desirability of the Pianola for everyone who owns a piano, whether he be skilled in its use or not. We shall be pleased to mail a complete description of this instrument upon request, although we urge all who have the opportunity to hear the Pianola for themselves. PRICE, \$275. Can be bought by instalments if desired.

Eleventh Annual GRAND Chrysanthemum Show

HELD BY
TORONTO GARDENERS' AND FLORISTS' ASSOCIATION
...HORTICULTURAL PAVILION...
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday
NOVEMBER 7-8-9-10
Promenade Concert Evenings and Afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday
ORCHESTRA ADMISSION, 25c. CHILDREN, 15c.

TO PRESERVE YOUR HAIR

Nourish, strengthen, restore it, prevent Scurf and Grayness, and provide the natural stimulant so necessary for nourishing the roots, nothing equals

Rowland's Macassar Oil

It is unsurpassed for Children's Hair, as it forms the basis of a luxuriant growth. GOLDEN MACASSAR OIL for fair or gray hair does not stain or darken the hair or linen. Sold by stores, chemists, hairdressers and

A. ROWLAND & SONS, 67 Hatton Garden, London.

Wholesale Agents—LYMAN BROS. & CO. Toronto and Montreal

SHEA'S THEATER

Week of Nov. 5
EVENING PRICES, 25 and 50.
MATINEES DAILY, all seats 25.

THE SCRIBNER SHOW

EZRA KENDALL

World's Greatest Monologist.
FREDERICK HALLER
and
MOLLIE FULLER
Presenting "A Desperate Pair."
CARON & HERBERT
Acrobats.
WARTNBERG BROS.
Foot Jugglers.
FISHER & CARROLL
Comedians.
JOSEPH ADELWANN
Xylophone Soloist.
LA PAGE SISTERS
Comedienne.
GRANT & GRANT
Black Face Eccentrics.

EXTRA—The returns of the Elections will be read from the stage on Wednesday eve.

THE Arlington

TORONTO'S
FAVORITE
SOCIETY
HOTEL

This well-known and attractive hotel is now under new and liberal management. It has lately undergone extensive and costly improvements, making it the most comfortable and homelike hotel in the city.

Special attention and rates will be given to parties desiring a pleasant and comfortable home for the winter.

With its spacious rooms, corridors, open fireplaces, large reading and reception rooms, electric light, porcelain baths, private dining-rooms, thus making it the model of home like hotels.

The cuisine is a special feature. Special attention will be given to private dinners and receptions. Write for full particulars to F. D. MANCHEE, U. A. WARD, Proprietor, Manager.

MRS. RUTHERFORD
DRESSMAKER
348 Huron Street Toronto

BUYERS OF TASTE

and refinement value and look for exclusiveness. We know that our customers appreciate our plain Band, Solitaire, Hoop and Cluster Rings because they represent the best art and the newest metropolitan fashions of the day—products of our own factory. Call and see ring styles and prices not seen elsewhere.

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Manufacturing Jewellers
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Robt. F. Gagen, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.
STUDIO—90 YONGE STREET

A specialty made of Miniatures, Water-Color and Ink portraits from old Ambrotypes or Photographs.
Instruction in Water-Color Painting.

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TWO ROOMS on ground floor, opposite elevator. ONE ROOM on first floor, suitable for office or agency business.

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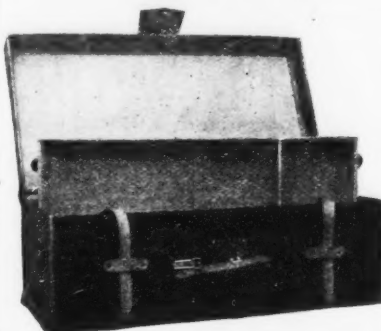
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A HEARTY WELCOME TO OUR NOBLE BOYS

A Woman Tenderfoot A Woman Tenderfoot A Woman Tenderfoot

The new book by

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Mrs. Ernest Seton-Thompson was welcome in Toronto when she came here last year as the wife of a native, and for the magnetism of her own bright personality. Now that her book, "A Woman Tenderfoot," is issued, the public will welcome her as an author of special individuality and piquancy. She here narrates her experiences on the prairies and camping-grounds of the North-West. She tells ladies how to ride astride, and what they should wear in doing it. She says she put one bullet in an elk's brain and another in his heart, and describes the exploit and all her other exploits with the most charming brightness. Everybody will want to read about the doings of this daring and manifestly clever little lady who is as much at home with the pen as she evidently is on the back of a horse.

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- 1 EASTER LILY—Pure white, fine
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- 1 CHINESE SACRED LILY—The popular flower

These bulbs will flower in the house this winter, and will be sent post paid on receipt of price.

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The question has been asked: "Do you know when a piano is of good tone, rich, powerful, full and sympathetic? Can you distinguish these from those that are over-brilliant, over-powerful, harsh and uncertain?"

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What is your course? It is in taking no chances by securing a piano made by the old firm of Heintzman & Co., which possesses a tone distinctive of itself.

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The simplest and most efficient heater made, for gas or gasoline. Prices and circular on application.

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PRIVATE RIDING LESSONS

Ladies' and gentlemen's classes in riding. For terms apply to
F. A. CAMPBELL, 97 Bay Street.
Riding instructor to all the ladies' schools in Toronto.

Notice to Creditors

OF WILLIAM J. THOMAS, DECEASED

The creditors and others having claims against the estate of William John Thomas, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Esquire, who died in the month of October, 1900, are on or before the first day of December, 1900, to send by post, prepaid, to Montgomery, Fleury & Montgomery, Canada Life Building, Toronto, solicitors for the executors, their Christian and surnames, addresses and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them. And take no notice of any claim after the first day of December, 1900, the estate of the said deceased will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to such claims as the executors will then have had notice of.

Dated at Toronto, this 15th day of October, 1900.

S. A. THOMAS
WM. BRAND
ROBERT DAVIES } Executors.
By their solicitors, Montgomery, Fleury & Montgomery

HENRY A. TAYLOR,
DRAFTER.

Stylish Top Coats

Are somewhat longer this season than last, and I have made a special study of a special design, which is a modification of the extremes in styles and a blending of the English and the American ideas, which produces one of the most stylish and dressiest in gentlemen's heavier outer garments for the winter. Visit my drapery and inspect my splendid range of overcoating novelties.

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A COMPLETE Traveling Outfit...

is especially desirable if one is going to travel to any extent. We can furnish you with every necessary for any trip.

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In every style—Dress, Basket, Leather, Steamer and Wall Trunks—and prices to suit in all qualities.

In Traveling Bags, Suit Cases, Kit Bags, Club Bags, Cabin, Hat Boxes, Bellows and Gladstones we have an assortment in prices and quality of each.

We will send you on request our Illustrated Catalogue, No. 6 S from which one can order what is needed and be assured of satisfaction. We Prepay Charges on all Orders

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We have a variety of Extra Quality Seal Jackets in different styles

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Call any time and see our Exhibit, or write for Catalogue.

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We have just placed on sale a decidedly novel line of Bedsteads. Instead of the regulation white enamel these are finished; some are in pleasing shades of green, others in fancy mottled effects, others again are made of fine bird's-eye maple and mahogany turnings, mounted with brass ornaments. The last-mentioned patterns will be appreciated by those who dislike solid, heavy wooden bedsteads, but object to those made of metal.

The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co.

LIMITED

97 YONGE STREET

To the Electors of WEST TORONTO

Your Vote and influence are respectfully solicited for the re-election of

Clark and Osler

...THE...

Liberal-Conservative Candidates

As your representatives in the House of Commons, Election Wednesday, November 7th.

CENTER TORONTO

Your Vote and Influence are respectfully solicited for

John Flett

—THE—

Liberal Candidate

Election Wednesday, 7th November.

ELECTORS OF EAST TORONTO

Your Votes and Influence are respectfully solicited in favor of

A. E. Kemp

THE LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE
CANDIDATE

==VOTE FOR==

Geo. Anderson

...THE...

Liberal Candidate

...FOR...

EAST TORONTO

CENTER TORONTO ELECTION

W. R. Brock

THE

Liberal-Conservative Candidate

Respectfully begs to solicit your vote and influence.

Election Day Wednesday, November 7th, 1900.



Boys' Overcoats.....

There is a splendid variety here for all sorts of boys, from the little fellow of four years to the young man of sixteen. How smartly they are tailored! Little wonder that mothers are delighted with them and the boys proud to wear them. We take vast pains to make exceptional things for boys, and parents tell us there is no equal variety elsewhere.

—Coats of Fritza, which is the popular fabric, and no doubt the best for wear, in blue, grey and brown, well made and trimmed, 3.00 to 5.00.
—Fine Top Coats, made of blue beaver cloth, Italian lined, velvet collar, sizes 29 to 35, 6.00.
—Other Overcoats, 4.50 to 12.00.

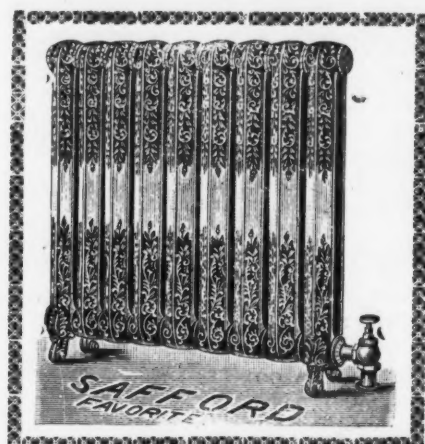
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W. Sanford Alley, Manager.

115 to 121 King St. East
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THE HOUSE YOU BUY
SHOULD BE HEATED BY

Safford Radiators



Hot Water Heating is Both Economical and Comfortable
THEY GIVE AN EVEN HEAT THAT IS HEALTHY

Every modern city home should have the Safford Radiators installed. We should like to give you all particulars—verbally or by letter. We have a book on House Heating, which we will give free to all interested enough to ask for it.

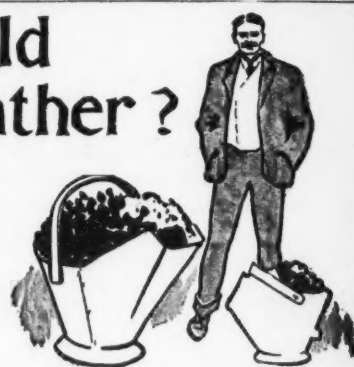
It's summer time all the year round in a house heated by Safford Radiators.

The Dominion Radiator Co., Limited
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Which Would You Rather?

This is the view of it that keenly interests a man.

Imperial Oxford Range



requires less fuel to keep up a bright, quick, working fire than old-style ranges.

A well-proved fact that makes the purchase of one of these ranges a paying investment—bringing in a yearly interest in the shape of dollars saved on your coal bill.

Worth while, don't you think?

Sold by leading dealers all over the Dominion.

GURNEY OXFORD STOVE AND FURNACE CO., 231 Yonge Street
OXFORD STOVE STORE, 569 Queen Street West

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

The Cradle, A Tar and the Tomb.

Births.

Reid—On Oct. 28th, Mrs. G. W. Reid, a son.
Buckley—Oct. 27, Mrs. Maurice Buckley, a son.
Kilgore—Oct. 25, Mrs. T. H. Kilgore, a son.
Renfrew—Oct. 23, Mrs. A. E. Renfrew, a daughter.
Arnold—Oct. 23, Mrs. Joshua Arnold, a daughter.
Hare—Oct. 22, Mrs. W. J. Hare, a daughter.
Jarvis—Oct. 22, Mrs. S. Murray Jarvis, a daughter.
Logan—Oct. 22, Mrs. John F. Logan, a daughter.
Morson—Oct. 22, Mrs. Alfred E. Morson, a daughter.
McKinnon—Oct. 22, Mrs. D. McKinnon, a daughter.
Hewitt—Oct. 25, Mrs. Arthur Hewitt, a son.

Marriages.

Gesner—Stevenson—Oct. 23, D. H. Gesner to Elsie E. Stevenson, of Grimsby.

Deaths.

Fraser—At Guelph, Ont., on Thursday, Oct. 25, of typhoid fever, Selena Clarke Fraser, in her 24th year, granddaughter of Rev. William F. Clarke.
Ford—Oct. 31, Mrs. Eliza Ford, aged 79.
Smith—Guelph, Oct. 31, Frank Smith of

Toronto.
Shankland—Oct. 31, Jane Shankland, aged 76.
Wigle—Oct. 31, Beulah Wigle, aged 12.
Brown—Oct. 24, Charles Brown, aged 60.
Lyon—Oct. 26, Eugene George Roberts, aged 5 weeks.
McGillivray—Pullman, Ill., Alexander McGillivray.
World—Oct. 27, Mrs. D. C. World.
Clark—Oct. 29, Mrs. Edgar M. Clark.
Graham—Oct. 28, Robert Nicol Graham, aged 73.
Bickell—Oct. 23, Mrs. Johannah Davy Bickell, aged 61.
Middleton—Oct. 23, Albert Middleton, aged 28.
Crothers—Oct. 29, John Crothers, aged 65.
Wilson—Oct. 23, Charles Stewart Wilson, aged 73.
Dunlop—Oct. 23, Edgar Charles Dunlop, aged 4.
Groves—Oct. 23, Robert Groves, aged 51.
Grant—Oct. 27, Mrs. Daniel M. Grant, aged 33.

HAIRDRESSING.

ONLY ONE CAN STOP HAIR
Falling in four days; all scalp troubles cured; ladies' hair out shampooed, fifty cents. Hair bought and exchanged. TON from Green's, 349 Yonge Street.

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(LATE MILDARD)
The Leading Undergarment Embalm.
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